

X Collection

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Essays for the Times.

Vol. I.

PASADENA, JULY, 1930.

No. 6

EXTRA! EXTRA!

BROOKMIRE READS ESSAYS?

Brookmire Economic Service says that the outlook for the second half of this year is not encouraging. "It is probable that the arrival of a definite turn for the better will be heralded by . . . and, we may hope, disappearance of the Pollyanna talk from official Washington and the leaders of industry."

And Charles Speare, United Press Wall Street financial writer says: "The recent decline was the aftermath of an ill-advised bull campaign in stocks predicated on an early recovery in business to which the government and its agencies gave color."

ESSENCE OF PIPPIN.

Really, the quantity of hooley that is sent us from Washington nowadays is simply astounding. Vice-President Curtiss thinks the nation is not patriotic enough, and wants to go into quantity production of patriotism. So he writes to Paramount Pictures and suggests that the entire week of Fourth of July be considered as Patriotic Week, and that movie theatres everywhere make up programs accordingly.

And, as if President Hoover didn't have all the bothers he wants, he had to use six different pens when he signed the new tariff bill, writing his name and the date one word at a time, so as to be able to bestow a pen upon each lime-lighter present. Alas, one there was who did not show up to get the one-sixth-of-a-signature gold pen reserved for him. Perhaps Jim Watson concluded that he would have a hard enough time explaining to the Indiana farmers how the new tariff would ease their burdens without having his connection with the bill emphasized by snapshots of the pen-giving spectacle.

Even the once staid Agricultural Department can't tell us how to grow onions without what it conceives to be fine writing. Bulletin 354-F informs the eager farmer that "Home ties no less strong than the lowly onion pulled at the Israelites during their sojourn in the Wilderness. Moses reported that they constantly longed for this delicacy of diet left behind in Egypt. Records show that the onion flourished in the fertile Nile Valley before the building of the pyra-

mids, and doubtless slaves worked more willingly, placing block upon block of stone, with the realization that an appetizing dish awaited each at the end of the day's labor. Swayed by the sea breezes in the South Sea Islands, favored in many regions of America, today the onion grows successfully throughout the world."

All of which several performances tend to give us a severe p. i. t. n.

THOMAS SOLVES IT!

Little items like this may alarm Chrysler and Ford, but they do not disturb the serene trust of Senator Thomas of Oklahoma that not only the moon but the earth as well is made out of good green Roquefort:

"Swiss automobile dealers are hastily selling new American cars at one-half their cost price, as American automobiles will be among the first objects of the Swiss boycott of American goods in retaliation for the passing of the new tariff."—*Press Item.*

So the Senator has introduced a resolution in the Senate reciting that the prices of American farm products are at ruinous levels, and asking President Hoover to "call an international conference to deal with export problems and surplus farm crops."

That is to say, having h'isted the duty on everything the foreigner sells us, the world loving Senator wants to meet the foreigner in a friendly chat around the table and explain to him why he should pay more for the wheat and other products we wish to sell him.

There will be a recess of the Senate soon, and during the vacation period how would it do for the Senator to try his hand at composing a nice long letter to Santa Claus?

FASHION NOTE.

Two years ago people wore buttons reading "Hoover and Prosperity." But styles change.

When the boys who chalk up quotations in Pasadena brokers' offices get a new low on any stock they take red chalk and make a little star under the name of the stock, so that customers can see the market's weak spots at a glance. Room traders refer to these stars as "Hoover Buttons."

Essays for the Times.

THIRTY SEVEN
THIRTY SEVEN

APR 29 1944

Vol. II

Pasadena, June, 1931

No. 6

Uncle Sam and YOUR Money.

WHEN Andy, the grandiloquent President of the Fresh Air Taxi Company, mutters to himself as he works over the books, "Five million, six million, seven million," and so on, we smile at his extravagant figures. How fine it would be if we could laugh off the figures which represent the volume of taxes levied by the federal government.

For the appropriations made by the seventy-first Congress reached the enormous total of ten thousand million dollars.

It is true that when considering this amount allowance must be made for the fact that we are paying off our war debt, and that extraordinary expenditures were necessary because of drought and unemployment conditions. But making due allowance for these, the gigantic total which remains may well cause thoughtful Americans to pause.

Those who tolerate, and even defend, the exaction of such an enormous total of taxes from our citizens, have a ready reply for critics. It is said that this is a ten billion dollar country; that it has grown so rich that our former yardsticks must be discarded with the kerosene lamp and the horse and buggy; and there is a measure of truth in their answer. As the country grows in population the expense of government must correspondingly increase, nor is it unnatural that from time to time new fields for proper governmental control should be opened up, requiring more money to meet their cost. But the most casual survey will show that a large part of the increased cost of federal administration is caused, not by added expense attendant upon the normal growth of well recognized subjects of national concern, nor by the cost of control in new fields where a more varied civilization has made federal supervision necessary, but by the government venturing into new highways and byways where not alone the historic distinction between state and federal control, but, we venture to say, the dictates of plain common sense, have erected signs of "No Tres-

pass for then the wanderlust at Washington might be checked more easily. Unfortunately this habit of our government is already old enough to vote. Commencing to grow at an alarming rate during Roosevelt's administration, it has thrived through Republican and Democratic eras alike, until now the centralization at the national capitol of many activities normally belonging to the states, and, indeed, of many functions for which no state government would dare to tax its citizens, alarms those who believe in home rule.

What caused this vast expansion in Washington's activities? Chief among the reasons, we think, is the widely accepted opinion that whatever the federal government undertakes is bound to be well done. There seems to be something of a glamour around things done at the capitol; we know perfectly well, if we stop to think, that federal performance seldom approaches the ideal, yet somehow we like to imagine that it does. The truth is that there are some matters which the federal government handles very well, and there are others which seem to be too much for it. Our army and navy departments are well administered, due doubtless to a century of experience and to the discipline prevailing. Our post office department delivers the mail—at a loss; how much of a loss we don't know, for the department's books appear to be kept on the principle of the stage bank conducted by the comedians Weber and Fields. Weber, in the role of paying teller, would be approached at his window by Fields, and Weber would inquire, "Put in, or take out?" The post office department tells us how much we pay in, and how much it pays out, but if the department were to reckon interest at three per cent upon the cost of its buildings, and to carry a depreciation account, the public would have a better idea of the department's true condition.

Essays for the Times.

Vol. III

Pasadena, September, 1931

No. 1

Some Thoughts on Advertising.

WE WISH we could have had the assistance of some our readers in the preparation of this article. Several of them, we know, are in the advertising business—or profession—and others have had occasion to pay advertising bills. And doubtless these readers could have thrown much light upon our subject, and, it may well be, have saved us from many mistakes. For we are venturing to discuss a subject that we know little about: the vast modern business commonly known as Advertising.

Nevertheless it may be possible for us to have the practical, if belated, assistance of our readers. If each of them will assume an antagonistic spirit when reading what we write, and mentally say no when we say yes, it may be that on the whole the result of such a debate will be an arrival at some correct conclusion. Under the circumstances we think it will be well for us to advance such suggestions as we have with considerable diffidence, and if we shall inadvertently assume a position seemingly authoritative, we trust our readers will consider it a slip of the pen.

To speak plainly, the subject of our absent treatment debate is this: What part, if any, of the hundreds of millions of dollars spent for advertising is an economic waste—a burden on business for which society receives no return? Who pays for the assertion, Eventually, Why Not Now?; for, There's a Reason; for, They're Toasted; for the broad-hatted Quaker Oats man who greets us on every side—in short, for all the slogans, catch-words, illustrations, and words upon words that weigh down magazines and play so large a part in making Great White Ways? If the consumer pays for all this, does the money come back to him in some way? Or is it true that the public bears the expense of an advertising charge added to the selling cost of articles in common use, which could be sold without any advertising to speak of, just as garden hose and potatoes are sold?

things about themselves. Everyone, the President, Babson and the members of the convention, agreed that Advertising is Great Art and a Great Business and Has a Great Mission. And some went so far as to say that advertising will be the lever that will pry us out of the mire of depression. So a pleasant time was had by all.

It is apparent that the accepted opinion is that advertising is not a parasite on business at all, and that Essays will have its hands full when it even suggests that current opinion may be partly mistaken. Nor can we expect any support from the press at large, for it lives on advertising, and it is proverbial that the ox knoweth on which side his bread is buttered.

Needless to say, we fully recognize that there is a great volume of what we may roughly term legitimate advertising, and we also appreciate the stimulating effect of publicity in general, and the vital importance of advertising to the publishing world. Nor do we overlook the claim, often meritorious, that advertising has enabled manufacturers to enter upon quantity production, and thereby effect economies which in turn are passed on to the consumer in the form of reduced prices.

Without questioning these manifest benefits resulting from advertising—and doubtless there are many others—is it still possible that there are certain features of present day publicity which involve an economic loss?

Suppose we start with the advertising of gasoline. Here is a commodity in universal use, and there is no need to educate the public, as in the case of a comparative novelty, such as electric refrigeration in the home. No amount of publicity will increase the grand total of gallons sold. Then why is it that the major companies spend millions on billboards and for newspaper and magazine publicity? Plainly, to coax us from the use of one brand to another; Socony rather than Texaco. Sinclair or Shell.

Essays for the Times.

A Review edited, printed and published on occasion by HOWARD M. CARTER at No. 1438 San Pascual Street, Pasadena, California. Everything herein is written by the Editor unless the contrary is indicated. Communications, critical or otherwise, are welcome, and will be published if desired.

Vol. III

Pasadena, June 1932

No. 4

APR 29 1944

ECONOMY AT WASHINGTON.

300,000 bureaucrats in swivel-chairs recline,
A 'Budget Slash' cut off one head, and then there were but 299,999.
299,999 bureaucrats running the Ship of State,
'Rigid Economy' came along, and then there were but 299,998.
299,998 bureaucrats in office-holders' heaven,
'All Needless Jobs Will Be Cut Out', and then there were but 299,997.
299,997 bureaucrats sending seeds to hicks,
'Expenses Must Be Pruned' came by, and then there were but 299,996.
299,996 bureaucrats—but goodness sakes alive!
Our rhymes have all run out and still, there's 299,995!

How Great is Hoover?

THOSE who attempt a conscientious appraisal of the qualifications of a candidate for President who is at the time holding that office face a double difficulty.

On the one hand is the duty of upholding, so far as possible, the chosen executive of the nation; on the other is the duty, equally solemn, of throwing all the light they may have upon the executive acts of one who asks his fellow citizens to continue him in office.

Needless to say, we shall not follow in the footsteps of those who have made what we consider wholly unjustified attacks upon certain aspects of Hoover's career.

Nor, we trust, are we swayed by emotional outbursts such as that of the president of a California college, who links Hoover's name with those of Washington and Lincoln.

Keeping in mind these limitations upon our pen we propose, with the indulgence of our readers if our discussion becomes too long, to try to appraise Hoover's qualifications for the position which he seeks to hold for another four years. Such an inquiry, in the case of a President who wishes to succeed himself, is necessarily directed to a survey of his acts while occupying his present position. Ordinarily this would include a review of those duties which commonly fall to the lot of our Presidents: his relations with Congress and with other nations, his judicial and other appointments, and his general grasp of domestic affairs. But in the

such circumstances, our investigation may well be confined to a consideration of his activities in connection with this commercial crisis.

We doubt if any of our Presidents ever took the oath of office with a more ambitious program than Hoover. Everything seemed propitious: his majority, thanks to the general hesitancy of a nation gone mad with speculation to vote for a change, and to a religious issue that of itself was fatal to his opponent, was overwhelming. By the public at large, regardless of party, he was highly thought of. The old era of partisan journalism, typified by the lashing the Republican press gave Cleveland from the day of his inauguration, had largely passed away, and had been succeeded by the day of hero worship that came in with Roosevelt and continued through Wilson's terms.

Those cynically minded might say that the motive which led the newspaper fraternity to change its spots was not a noble one, and that it did so because it was easier to sell papers with a good-Lord-good-Devil policy than to rely on the more limited appeal to partisan readers. Without deciding this question, the fact remained that the press was exceedingly well-disposed toward the new President. In short, God was in his heaven, the goose was hanging high, countless people had a bet down in the Wall Street game with a bull market booming along that seemingly had no end, and the D.

Essays for the Times.

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Vol. III

Pasadena, October 1932

No. 5

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION
APR 29 1944

(Julian Mason, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, gave a luncheon recently for Alfred E. Smith and Alice Roosevelt Longworth.)

JULIAN, ALICE AND AL.



ARE I write this? Forsooth, who am I
To trespass where beauty and genius draw nigh?
Yet, however lowly, the Muse oft *must* sing,
(A cat, it is said, may look at a king.)
So a guest, though unbidden, in spirit may sit
And share whispered secrets, and laugh at the wit
Sparkling o'er stories of Hoover and Cal,
As told by those three, Julian, Alice and Al.

For who had more tales than he of the *Post*,
Though modest withal, as befitted a host,
Of sayings and doings of both mice and men,—
Of present day heroes he knew 'way back when;
While Al, bless his heart! might safely unfold
To souls such as these what ne'er will be told
Of promises broken, of trait'rous cabal,—
True fellowship there, Julian, Alice and Al.

And Alice! how often the glance in her eye
For laughter-tossed quip was sufficient reply;
And somehow I know, though I was not there,
She shed a sweet halo o'er that meeting rare
With the womanly balm her heart made her pour
On the wounds, cruel wounds, the Warrior bore.
Ah, if I might be asked, (but I never shall,)
To break bread with Julian, Alice and Al!

Essays for the Times.

A Review edited, printed and published on occasion by HOWARD M. CARTER at No. 1458 San Pasqual Street, Pasadena, California. Everything herein is written by the Editor unless the contrary is indicated. Communications, critical or otherwise, are welcome, and will be published if desired.

Vol. III

Pasadena, December 1932

No. 6

ONE OF THE pleasures of editing a journal that has no regular frequency of publication and which we put forth only when, if and as we feel the urge, is that we need have no fear of any publication deadline. If there is no copy hanging on the old-fashioned copy-hook over the compositor's case, the issue simply waits until some accumulates. The dread 'Must' which in newspaperdom means revamping the front page layout so as to admit some last minute story, to the accompaniment of strong language from make-up men, is unknown in the slow going printery which produces occasional ESSAYS.

Then, too, we are independent of all forms, formats and other devices to keep editors bound hand and foot by custom. Such things mean nothing in the orange grove sanctum where the lovable smell of printers' ink and benzine vies for supremacy with the gasoline exhaust odor in the farther side of our garage.

So if in the present issue we depart from our usual wordy essay upon a single subject, and treat more briefly a miscellaneous list of current events, no pardon will be asked of our readers. We are merely exercising a sacred prerogative. And, of course, having no advertisers and no subscribers we can say what we please, confident that the select list of patient fans who read our efforts will make no complaint, or if they do, that their objections, while politely received and gladly published, will, in point of fact, get them nowhere.

Wouldn't it be lovely, (and then again, would it?) if all the newspaper men could say what they pleased?—just for once. If Brisbane and Will Rogers could cut loose and tell us what they REALLY think? If every editor, great and small, could be a Dana or a Watterson, even for a day!

ALL OF which leads us (at last!) to the first item on our list and that is the remarkable announcement by Mr. Roy D. Chapin, our new Secretary of Commerce, that 'innumerable' business men have asked him to interpret the possible economic effects of the Democratic landslide.

And the question arises, *Why? Why do*

political appointees, but with men trained for years in ascertaining business trends. The very high standing of the financial and business reports of the metropolitan newspapers is well known, and some, like the *Chicago Tribune*, issue special business reviews each month with the most elaborate charts and statistics. Great banks, such as the National City of New York, issue monthly summaries that are recognized as being authoritative. Bankers rely upon standard journals such as the *Financial Chronicle* of New York. Every business has its own trade papers, giving the news of a particular branch, down to the opening of a new hardware store in a village. Some industries, such as the automotive and cloaks and suits, have daily trade papers. The stock-market waits anxiously for the weekly steel publications. *Variety* unfolds a birds-eye view of nation-wide happenings in the theatrical world. Wall Street has innumerable sources of information, and knows that Ford has laid off 500 men almost as soon as the men form in line to draw their pay.

These are but a few of the thousand and one sources of information available to business men, and we think if they will make use of them they will be ten times more likely to guess right than by turning to the nation's capital for advice. Incidentally it may be mentioned that every single one of the predictions issued by the Department during the past three years has been *wrong*.

It does not surprise us that all of the statements put out by Secretary Chapin are optimistic, although not so cocksure as those sent forth under his predecessor's reign. If in his capacity of chairman of the board of the Hudson Motor Company he received a report from an employee giving only the good news and suppressing the bad, that employee would be fired. But Mr. Chapin in Detroit is not Mr. Chapin in Washington. Once at the federal capital the best men succumb to the blight of paternalism.

ESSAYS has made a vow never to buy a certain brand of watch so long as radio announcers continue spelling out the name—B.u.l.o.v.a.

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THE EMPIRE

Vol. 1 NOVEMBER, 1932 No. 2

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The
ENTERPRISE

VOLUME 1 -- NUMBER 2



SUMMER, 1932

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THE
Enterprise

VOLUME 1 -- NUMBER 3



FALL - - - 1932

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THE ENTERPRISE	
Published Quarterly By	
RALPH W. EABCOCK JR. ✓	
58 MAPLE DRIVE	GREAT NECK, N. Y.
~~~~~	
VOL. 1	WINTER 1932
~~~~~	
No. 4	

BEFORE THE OPERA

HELLO, BABY. Got a date for tonight?...
That's great! How about stepping out in society?...I got tickets for the opera...No foolin'...No, I mean it. A fellow just gave them to me. His dad got them for him but he's got other plans...Oh, I don't know what the name of it is...K. O. I'll meet you on the corner about eight..."

~ ~ ~

"Robert, don't you think we should go to the opera that is playing now?...Yes, I know they're dull. I'd much rather take in a good movie myself, but since your advancement we're thrown in with people who converse about these things and we appear so stupid if we don't know what they're talking about...All right! You'll see about getting the tickets?..."

~ ~ ~

"But ma, what do I care about that darned opera?...I don't care if there is a new Japanese actress in it. I can go where there are American girls who are good enough for me...A fat wench

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VOLUME TWO -- NUMBER ONE

THE
ENTERPRISE

SPRING OF NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE

The Enterprise

Nineteen Thirty-Three
Summer

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Vol. 1 JUNE, 1933 No. 5

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THE EAGLET

Vol. I

August 1918

No. 1

The Awakening

It was a hot summer day. The sun beat down upon the earth unmercifully. Not a breath of air stirred, and the sky was free from clouds. The distant hills were inclosed in a hazy mist, which bathed the surrounding landscape. The only sound to interrupt this drowsy atmosphere was the occasional drone of a locust. Nothing moved.

Under the spreading limbs of an apple tree, lay the form of a man. His shoulders were slightly propped against the trunk of the tree. His face, which had sunken on his chest, was hidden from view by a wide brimmed straw hat. His hands were clasped across his stomach while one leg was bent upward at the knee.

Suddenly the air was split by a wild yell as the peaceful slumberer became violently active. With his feet kicking and arms waving, he exploded from his position with such

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THE EAGLET

"Hasn't Feathered Yet"

United Amateur Press Association of America

Vol. I

December, 1933

No. 1

WHEN THE THUNDER SLEEPS

By Kate Horsley Doty

All the trees
Have shivered and lost their leaves
They too know
Like the Navajo
That after the first frost
The thunder sleeps.

Witches must have fun
As they work through the night
Making glittering crystal frost
That's afraid of the sun.

All day the Navajos dance
After the first frost
Making their plans for the winter days
Hunting, fishing
And herding the sheep
That give their wool
To be made into blankets
On the hand-made looms
While the thunder sleeps.

—From the New Mexico.

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The Enterprise

Number Three of Volume Two

Issue for Fall of Thirty-Three

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CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

THE EAGLET 29 1944

Vol. 1

December 1933

No. 3

Tabor and Hermon
by Miriam Irene Kimball

#19

"Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in
thy name."

Sing the psalmist long years ago -
Rejoice in the nature, name of God,
In the beauty and grandeur they know.
The little Jesus from his home
In Nazareth oft gazed
(Toward rising sun) on Tabor Mount,
With raptured eyes - amazed.

Some five miles out from Nazareth -
As doth the swallow fly -
This thickly-wooded, fruitful mount
Pleasantly greets the eye.
Mount Hermon, fifty miles beyond,
Looms skyward and more bold -
Whose lofty dome is capped with snow;
This, too, would the child behold.

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THE EACLET

Vol. 1 February 1934 No. 4

Islands

by George H. Coffin

I love the islands when the ocean whirs
Around the ledges with a long white lash
Dripping the sea-bounce in with foaming lips
Above the headland shoals. I love the crash
Of waves in wild rebellion down the shore,
Rumbling trumpeters in glorious rage,
Whose emerald ranks are beaten more and
more

To mist against the granite barricade.

I love the islands when the tide can pull
No more, caressingly at rest and calm;
The ocean in its quietude is full
Of comfort; shores release their salty balm,
In league with quiet or with tempest's roar.
The island's end my race, my nerves restore.

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THE EAGLET

Vol. 1

April 1934

No. 5

Three Faces

I loved your young face
Shining there ---
With clear unruffled brow
Your easy laughter and your sparkling fun.
I loved with passion
Strong and fine ---
The deepening of your eyes
The calm and poise bought with the coin of
years.

Now -- love is bright
Consuming flame ---
That licks with hungry tongue
The wounds that life has left upon your face.

Margaret Nickerson Martin

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THE EAGLET

EDITED BY AARON BAKER

United Amateur Press Association

Vol. I

Summer, 1934

No. 2

SUMMER NIGHT

Moon hangs high in a deep blue sky,
Sing, little fountain, sing;
Willow tree a-waving and the soft winds
sigh,

Sing, little fountain, sing.

Honeysuckle blooms on the garden wall,

Dance, little fireflies, dance;

Katydid chirping and the nightbirds call

Dance, little fireflies, dance.

River murmurs low in a lazy dream,

Laugh, little ripples, laugh;

Old canoe a-rocking where the waters
gleam,

Laugh, little ripples, laugh.

Clouds drift by from the world's dark rim,

Weep, little lady, weep;

Shadows come a-creeping and the stars
grow dim,

Weep, little lady, weep.

—Alida Crenelle (Oklahoma)

DADDY

My daddy
to some, perhaps,
might not seem
so very great;
but sometimes
I think he barely
escaped being
Wonderful!

—J. Davis Adams (Okla.)

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THE EMPIRE



Vol. 1

JUNE, 1934

No. 6

The Encinal

Volume 1

NOVEMBER, 1934

Number 2

Thanksgiving

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 28 1944

Jeremy Taylor once said, -- The privative blessings--the blessings of immunity, safeguard, liberty, and integrity--which we enjoy, deserve the thanksgiving of a whole life. --



Do all of us realize the significance of this statement? It is true that during the November season the process of offering thanks is more impressed upon our minds, yet how much better it would be if throughout the year we were conscious of the many gifts bestowed upon us by the Great Creator. We should forever be awake to the realization of our blessings.

Although many great possessions are often assumed or taken for granted, without them we would be helpless. Life in itself is a blessing. Although at times, the world seems a desolate place of misunderstanding and despair, that is not the fault of the Creator, but of Humanity. Each of us has a place in this world; we are Humanity. Thanksgiving is not merely the act of giving thanks for some blessing; it is also the act of giving sincerely and unselfishly of oneself in an effort to make the world a serene and beautiful place in which to live.



--Marion Morcom

APR 1987

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The Enterprise



SUMMER

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The Enterprise

Volume
3

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JENNIFER HARRIS

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THE ENCINAL

Official Organ of
The Oakland Amateur Press Club



THE LIBRARY OF
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APR 29 1944

Volume 1
Number 3

February 1935

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THE ENCINAL

Official Organ of
The Oakland Amateur Press Club



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
PRINTED
APR 29 1944

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Number 4

June 1935

The Encinal

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 29 1944

Volume II

DECEMBER, 1935

Number 2



THE USEFULNESS OF SANTA CLAUS



Yes, Santa Claus has become an institution. And some think the idea a silly one. But, I ask, what would this country be without Santa Claus? This jolly old fellow is useful to everyone.

Firstly, the joy which he brings. As to children, little need be said. Everyone has childhood memories of the fellow whose "belly shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly."

But how about joy to adults? It is true that children may expect expensive gifts which Santa might bring but parents can barely afford—which perhaps results in worry. But, what joy for father and mother when Johnnie is on his best behavior: helps mama with the dishes; aids papa to fill the wood basket several times a day; and gives generously of his time for other tasks with the only payment before December 25 being the two-word reminder, "Santa Claus."

Secondly, the financial remuneration should be given thought. Even if families can "barely afford" expensive gifts, there is still a circulation of money which makes the fellow whose "checks were like roses, his nose like a cherry" an asset to mankind.

Also, there are the many things which have arisen from the fact that there is a Santa Claus. For example, think how much poorer Haven Gillespie and J. Fred Coots might have been had there been no Saint Nick. Then, they would not have written

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THE EMPIRE

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The Eastern Greeter

Vol. 1

SPRING NUMBER

No. 3

PRE-CONVENTION
NUMBER

UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION

HOTEL WEBSTER
NEW YORK CITY

JULY
4TH 5TH 6TH

The Elkhorn Review

"From The Heart of the Hills"

Vol. 1

December, 1935

No. 1

I TAKE MY BOW

With this my initial issue of The Elkhorn Review and my first journal to ever appear in printed form, I make my bow to the members of the United Amateur Press Association of America.

I teach school on a little creek here in Letcher County "in the heart of the hills." The "town of Ermine comprises two general stores, two gas stations, and two dwelling houses. Our postoffice is in one of these stores.

I was born and reared here on a hillside and am thoroughly familiar with the rich lore and tradition of the hill folk. I've tramped these muddy hollows in icy winters and I've experienced great thrills in viewing the beauty of green mountains in the springtime. I've grown accustomed to the cry of the whippoorwill in a cave and where the screech owls roost with the chickens.

I shall endeavor to use these pages to carry to the UAPA and residents of Letcher County typical mountain literature. I want to place before my readers a true and vivid picture of life in the hills. This type of manuscript will be cheerfully welcomed by the

editor of this little journal.

And, with apologies to Lowell Thomas, so long——until you see our next issue.

HAPPINESS

Search for happiness

You'll find it sure

In a cabin home

Where love is pure.

You'll find mother

Always a friend

In that cabin

Around the bend.

Ne'er look for trouble,

Hate or scorn,

You'll never find it

Where love is born.

Search for happiness,

Search everywhere;

Never leave a cabin

When love is there.

—Ben Webb.



X-PN 4827

#33

THE CAPITAN

For Your Entertainment

Volume 1, No. 1, Jan. - Feb., 1936 Number 1

HISTORIC NEW JERSEY

By W. S. Bogart

THE state of New Jersey, sandwiched in between the great cities of New York and Philadelphia, figured greatly in the early history of the colonies. Washington and his little band of men retreated across it, and later at Trenton defeated the Hessians in that famous battle with which we associate the crossing of the Delaware.

Historic Morristown, an hour's drive from New York City, was the site of Washington's winter encampment. Troops were stationed at Jockey Hollow, and the commander himself established his headquarters in the town. Recently the government took over Washington's Headquarters, and it is now known as Morristown National Park.

Springfield, Westfield, and surrounding towns in the Watchung Mountains were outposts, and each town had its cannon and tar barrel in a prominent place. When the enemy were seen approaching, the cannon boomed a warning, while the blazing tar, which could be seen for miles around, was signal for mobilization.

Just outside of Dunellen is the elevation

(Continued on Page 3)

X-PN 482.

#34

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
EH WHAT

Vol. 1 June, 1938 JUN 28 1938

~~SHORT CIRCUIT~~

The high school auditorium speaker that morning had feelingly given vent to an attack on propaganda - with which we will not bore our gentle reader. In passing, however, he had described a large electrical display sign which included four labelled lights.

Light No. One flashed constantly - every time a baby was born. Light No. Two flashed almost as rapidly - every time a person of inferior intelligence was born. Light

Cont. on Page 4

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

#35

EH WHAT?

APR 23 1944

Vol. 1 June, 1938 No. 3

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Cont. on Page 4

X-7 ECHOS 7-38
4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

NEWS RECORD

ECHOS

From the Paper City

Vol. 1

March, 1938

No. 2

EDITORIAL

DEMOCRACY vs. "ISMS"

Walter Hoxie devotes the greater part of his Jan.-Feb. "New Era" to an editorial attack on the spread of Fascism in America. With genuine alarm he points out the activities of the Blackshirts who brazenly flaunt their Fascist salute in public processions.

Mr. Hoxie's attack on these un-American activities is stirring and designed to cause a flareup of resentment among those who have not lost faith in Democracy. But like many other writers Mr. Hoxie commits the grave error of taking sides; of belittling one "ism" in his efforts to point out the evils of another.

Evidently he is not well-acquainted with the facts: for history proves that Fascism springs up only in those countries where Communism has already made inroads.

Mr. Hoxie must also stand indicted for misstatement of facts—due to overzealousness rather than an attempt to mislead his readers. The newspapers and radio news services of this country are about 90% Communistic. Every day they prate about Hitler, Mussolini, and "Fasc-

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SINGEL COPY 5 C **THE ENTERPRISE** ONE YEAR 50 CENTS

THIRD YEAR **APR 29 1944** JUNE 1938

THE ENTERPRISE IS PRINTED EVERY MONTH BY E. H. FORGEY,
BLOOMING GROVE, TEXAS



Organized July 4, 1876.

For information about the National Amateurs Press Association write Felicitas C. Hagerty, 21 Stegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.

The aim of the ENTERPRISE, is Advertising and progress.

1939 WORLD'S FAIR, HIGHLIGHTS.

THE OAKLAND AMATEUR PRESS CLUB
SUGGESTS A N. A. P. A. CONVENTION ON
TRESURE ISLAND

Pacific Coast Goal For 1939 Tourists

National railroads executives are actively interested in the development of San Francisco's World's Fair as a potential passenger traffic builder through 1938-39. With San Francisco Bay the focal point of three class I railroads and a number of important short lines, plans are being laid for one of the greatest westward tourist movements in travel history in 1939.

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CONGRESS
1001 N. BROAD ST.

#38

APR 29 1944

The Encinal

Volume Five

MAY, 1938

Number One

O.A.P.C. ACTIVITIES DIGEST

If for no other reason you will at least want to come to Oakland in 1939 to see the O.A.P.C.'s master chef, Lee Hertzberg, handle the waffle iron. Honestly, kiddies, there's nothing like it (ask Chuck Bloomer—he sampled the waffles at the rate of four an hour).

The O.A.P.C.'s dutch treat waffle party was held in April. The feminine contingent gave lessons in the Balboa (sometimes referred to as a dance) in return for the instructions in the art of waffle baking. Dancing, singing (?), games, and acts by the members, added to the evening's variety. Hit of the night was the Walter Winchell act by Lee Hertzberg. His makeup made him as much like Walter as Walter himself (but some members still don't see why anyone would want to look like W.W.)

Meetings and activities have been going over with such a bang this year that the O.A.P.C. members decided to break a precedent and continue their club meetings thru the summer months. This is the first time in the club's five years of existence that a holiday has not been taken during July and August. The activities committee, under the able direction of Viola Knowlton, has a program mapped out that is actually causing members to cancel other affairs in favor of the O.A.P.C.'s gatherings. Some accomplishment!

X-PN 4827

#39



ISSUE
NUMBER
TEN
APR 29 1944

EISEGESIS

FOR
AUGUST
1938



X-PN 4827

48

EXISEGESIS

no. 11


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THIS ISSUE
CONSISTS OF
EDITORIAL
COMMENT.

SEPT '38


X-PN 4827




EISEGESIS

NO 12
THE ALPHABET
OF
THE ALPHABET #41

APR 29 1944
published
by
B.J. Smith
961 College Ave
Adrian
Michigan

 OCT '38



EISEGESIS

APR 29 1941

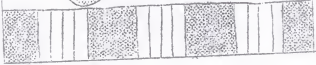
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published
by

B.J. Smith
961 College Ave
Adrian
Michigan

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OCT '38



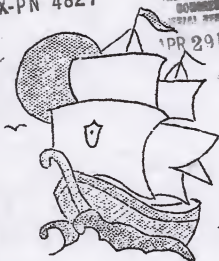
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EXEGESIS A MAGAZINE
FOR AMATEURS
NOV 30
1938

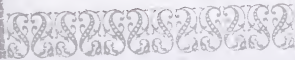
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44

EISEGESIS

A MAGAZINE
TO AMATEURS

NOV 30
1938



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APR 29 1944

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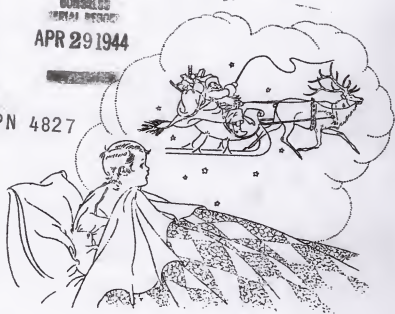
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APR 29 1944

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Dec '38 No 14

A Magazine to NAPA

JUN 23 1943

EXCELSIOR

COPY

GIFT

Volume 1

Jersey City, N. J., August, 1938

Number 1

46

HARMONY REIGNS AT CINCINNATI; NEW TIMES TICKET SWEEPS ELECTION

Dunlap Refuses Secretaryship; Wetzel is Elected by Convention; Oakland Wins 1939 Gathering

PRESIDENT APPOINTS "YOUNG BLOOD" TO IMPORTANT OFFICES
Stevens, Manuscript Recorder; Bernice McCarthy, Mailing; Robie Macauley,
Publicity; Bond, Historian; Mendenhall, Club Promoter; Ellis, Recruiting.

President's Appointments

President Felicitas C. Haggerty announces the following appointments to office in the National Amateur Press Association:

Recruiting Chairman, Harold D. Ellis, 222 W. Fifth North St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Historian, Jack Bond, 1616 E. Strong Street, Pensacola, Fla.

Manuscript Recorder, Elmer G. Stevens, Jr., 12 Union St., Exeter, N. H.

Mailing Manager, Bernice C. McCarthy, 402 Second Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

Club Promoter, Hirst Mendenhall, 4260 Sunset Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Publicity Director, Robie M. Macauley, 1747 Paris Ave. S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Chairman of Bureau of Critics, Ernest A. Edkins, 421 Linden St., Winnetka, Ill.

Committee on Editorial Award, John D. Pursell, Chairman, 4120 Botanical Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; O. W. Hinrichs, P. O. Box 36, Morrill, Neb.; Rev. John B. Schlarb, 186 W. Indianola Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

The Librarian automatically retains his office, a reappointment not being necessary. The Librarian is Edwin Hadley Smith, 524 N. Kenmore St., Arlington, Va.

This completes the appointments required by the constitution. Some new special committees may be appointed later.

Officers Elected

At the sixty-third annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association held at the Hotel Gibson, Cincinnati, Ohio, on July 2, 3, and 4, 1938, the following officers were elected: President, (Mrs.) Felicitas C. Haggerty, 21 Stegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.

Vice-President, William Haywood, 80 E. 210 St., New York City.

Secretary, Benton E. Wetzel, 2320 Spaulding Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Treasurer, Robert Holman, 633 E. Mahanoy St., Mahanoy City, Pa.

Official Editor, Elaine Jorgensen, 137 W. First South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Executive Judges, George W. Macauley, 1747 Paris Ave. S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.; Anthony F. Moitoret, 1908 Exchange Building, Seattle, Wash.; Rheinhardt Kleiner, 286 Central Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Convention City, Oakland, Cal.

Robert M. Dunlap, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was elected Secretary by an overwhelming proxy vote, but declined the office and resigned to the convention, which then elected Wetzel to fill the vacancy.

The amendment to the constitution which was proposed by Ex-President Suhre was defeated after a lively debate.

Six ex-presidents attended the convention.

EXCELSIOR

Volume 1

Jersey City, N. J., October, 1938

Number 2

GLEANINGS

Too much cannot be said in appreciation of the fine issue our Official Editor, Elaine Jorgensen, produced for the September *National Amateur*. Not only did she play Santa Claus and donate four pages, but she did practically everything else too. The Jorgensens have a small print shop in Salt Lake City. The linotyping for our official organ was done outside. Elaine did the proof reading, layout, made up the pages, supervised and helped with the printing in her father's shop. She "felt a little disappointed because it didn't turn out exactly as I had hoped. However, I'll probably learn by experience and do better on the December issue." I am sure every member will join in heartily congratulating Elaine, and agree with Vincent Haggerty's comment: "I think she did a swell job."

George W. Macauley won the Editorial Award for *O-Wab-Ta-Nong*, and Harold Segal won Honorable Mention for *The New Times*, for the year 1937-38.

This additional personal reminder is being given to all delinquent members. Please send your dollar dues to Secretary Benton E. Wetzel, 2320 Spaulding Ave., Berkeley, Cal., as soon as possible, if you wish your name to appear in the official membership list to be published in the December *National Amateur*. Copy will be sent to the printer very shortly. Those in arrears will not have their names included and therefore will not receive our amateur papers unless reinstated. Indications point to an active year in our association, and we firmly believe that you will receive more than your dollar's worth.

Most of the memberships expire in June. I would remind all others to refer to the expiration date opposite their names in my Secretary's Report for the past year, sent to all members in the September mailing bundle. Whenever

that date occurs please send your dollar to the secretary, even though you may not have received a bill. If it is convenient for you to pay in advance, your account will be duly credited for a year following expiration date.

If by any chance you did not receive the printed secretary's report, I will be glad to forward a copy upon request.

Many thanks to Edward F. Suhre and John D. Pursell, of St. Louis, Mo., for the convention photograph supplement to the September *National Amateur*. Mr. Pursell is undeniably clever. Wonder how many noticed the change in Robie Macauley's picture from the original one printed in the *Seattle Sun*.

Helm C. Spiak, of Lakewood, O., spent a few days during August vacationing in Conn. and New York. On the 24th he entertained Harriet Campbell, Mrs. Edna H. McDonald, Vincent and me at luncheon in Hotel Commodore, New York City. In the evening he came along home with Vincent and satisfied his desire "to see the source of so much amateur activity at 21 Stegman Court." Unfortunately, we could not coax him to prolong the happy occasion. His vacation was ending and late in the evening he returned to New York for the early morning departure.

Elmer G. Stevens, Jr., of Exeter, N. H., could use more manuscripts to supply the demands of publishers from the Manuscript Bureau.

Contest World for September featured on its cover a photograph of Ex-President Alson Brubaker, of Minneapolis, Minn., and contained an interesting biographical sketch.

Hirst Mendenhall had an announcement of his appointment as Club Promoter in the *Indianapolis News*. He is actively engaged in a personal campaign to arouse interest and secure more members for the N.A.P.A. through local clubs. Please cooperate with him.

JUN 23 1940

#48

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The Eastern Greeter

Vol. 5

1938

No. 1

G REATER NEW YORK CHAPTER HOLDS MEETING

OUR regular meeting was held at 10 Seventh Avenue, on July 18, attended by 18 United members and one guest.

President Northrop opened the meeting promptly at 7 30; p. m. The usual formalities were dispensed with to give the Hudson County Amateur Press Club delegation headed by our Local Clubs Chairman and H. C. A. P. C., President Anthony De Marco time for a report.

During the past two years this club has been so successful in the pursuit of our hobby that they now have a rool of 90 members meeting twice monthly and publish two magazines, one being an 18 page monthly. The story of their success was unfolded by their president for our encouragement.

Jerome Miller, returning from studies at a South Carolina college, asked about United activities during his absense from home, and spoke in favor of a closer cooperation with the mother body.

Johnny Waters, instructor in printing at Brown University, Providence, R. I. visited, and received the greatest applause for his remarks.

Paul L. "Pauke" Keil, had just arrived off the S. S. President Pierce from a world cruise. He is a past vice-president, and altho that was some years ago he is just as enthusiastic for the United today.

Commodore Kenneth Huck returning from Gettysburg, Virginia, where he gathered data and local color for his forthcoming book "The Petrified Heart," attended. His remarks were well received.

The meeting was then opened for general discussion in which all took part.

We decided to hold meetings monthly at the same address, and to issue an official organ. The meeting adjourned at 10 p. m.

Sidney Cohen,
sec'y pro. tem.

BY THE CAMPFIRE

By Andrew Alix

We sit around the bright camp fire
When the day is done.
A-resting our tired bones
From our work and fun.

'Tis the time to tell our stories,
Laugh and sing and hum
Until the bugle calls to us—
The long day is done.

The Eastern Greeter

Vol. 5

Winter 1938

No. 2

IT'S FUN TO BE A PRINTER

BY PAUL L. "PAUKE" KEIL

Printing as an early day bread-and-butter-getter is often hard enough; picture then, a young boy of from 11 to 16, in most cases never having seen a piece of type, trying to be a printer man! The results are often as amusing as if, one unacquainted with printing tried to produce a canvas in oil. Some years ago it was almost a fad; persons who aspired to publishing papers and magazines in those days could be counted by the hundreds. A few fonts of type, some blank paper and a hand press served the purpose. If there was no more capitol left shoe blacking or black paint did for ink - which was applied with great enthusiasm when the type was finally set and "locked up."

Twenty three years ago an organization sprang up in this country going under the name of Lone Scouts, having as one of the main attractions editing and printing amateur journals. Thus the writer has in his possession a few hundred such, with some others done with no other purpose than for the pleasure of doing.

Exhibit No. 1 is a 12 pager with the broad title of the "American Scout," but which, after a reading would cause one to say it should be the Leon, "Iona Gazette." The editor must have gone in with a

vim to get local ads, and stayed up long past his bed-time, no doubt, to set them up and run off the paper. The young publisher must have felt glad when the job was done, what with running short on type and making the letters hold in the chase. We are wondering if G.B. Price "remitted" when he saw the advice in his ad "don't fall to see us."

Next comes the "Osage Bullet" which probably struck its native State with a Bang. How glad the editor - printer must have felt when he got the bold type to line up with the body matter! In it are told such tales as "My First Night in a Canvas Tent" and a "Hike to the Mountains."

"The Cheerful Scout" has eight pages, pretty solid and "Commings longer each month" as the line on the heading informs the reader. We are wondering just how cheerful that scout was by the time he reached page eight. Some of the material is captioned as follows "How to Skin Catfish and Bullheads," "Collecting Leaves" and a story "The Thief."

"The Electric" had good possibilities in this age but the editor couldn't seem to find anything to put into it.

"The Kanawha Chief" is quite

Continued on page 4

The Eastern Greeter

Vol. 5

Winter 1938

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Continued on page 4

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EH, WHAT? 52

THE LIBRARY OF
U. S. A. P. A. CONGRESS

No. 4

JUNE 1939

JUN 28 1943

How It Began: People

Some while ago in fact I might go so far as to say two whiles there were lots of things running around on two legs only they were called monkeys on account of by which they had tails which proved to everyone except Darwin they were not people. At all.

So these anthropoids lived and ran around and cluttered up the landscape and went for walks in the dark. And sometimes in the rain. Which was all fine except these hereintofore mentioned tails kept getting in the way which was bad as nobody not even their bum dictator could think. Up a solution for it.

(Warning: More of this on Page 4)

X-PN 4847

EH, WHAT?

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

А. А. Р. А.

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53

No. 4

June, 1939

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(Warning: More of this on Page 4)

*Golden Rule Service
5-235 Haly, 1705 St James Ct,*

• (ECHOES) •

#54

X-PN 4827

FROM THE PAPER CITY

VOL. 2

FEBRUARY 1939

NO. 1

Big City Cop

by

Wayne Williams

APR 2 344

The time was about 5:30 in the afternoon of a beautiful Spring day, and everyone seemed to be out of doors. However, at this particular moment it likewise appeared that everybody had decided to go home at the same time, and the traffic policemen were having their day of days.

At one busy intersection, Pat Riley was having his share of trouble. He had been called to his daughter's house at three o'clock that morning, and the resulting loss of sleep had made him "out of sorts". Yet, there was a certain feeling of pride which welled up inside of him, almost displacing the "grouch".

As he pondered upon these conflicting emotions, the blaring of many horns brought Pat back to earth with a thud. Glaring at the numerous pairs of eyes surrounding him, his gaze finally settled on one, the owner of which was a small, timid-looking individual behind the wheel of a dilapidated relic of the horseless carriage days. He shrank as far as possible into the rickety seat as the huge policeman approached him with glowering mien, and nearly fainted as a ham-like paw was extended towards him.

"Have a cigar," said Pat as he threw out his chest proudly. "I'm a grandpa today!"



Volume 40 745 March 1939

X-PN 4827

I used to print, edit & write for this publication

THE EAST GRAND RAPIDS NEWS

APR 28 1943 #55

Volume I

May, 1939

Number 6

IMPROVEMENTS MADE AT GR YACHT CLUB

The summer activities of the Grand Rapids Yacht Club at Reeds Lake will start at 5 P. M. Saturday, May 6th, with an informal party for members at the Club on Manhattan Beach, according to an announcement by Commodore Fritz Van Brunt.

The spring house-cleaning of the clubhouse has been ably done under the direction of the women of the "House Committee", and it is even more attractive and well furnished than last year.

The racing season will begin with the May Regatta starting on Sunday, May 14, and continuing each week-end through May 28th. The regular races for the season trophies will start Saturday May 27th, and as there will be more than twenty Class "C" scows to take part in the races, competition will be unusually keen and exciting.

Plans are under way for special event racing and party on Memorial Day.

Extensive improvements have been made in the club grounds

ADULTS INVITED TO CARNIVAL IN EAST HI

The adults of the community as well as the children are invited to attend the annual Penny Carnival which will be held in the gymnasium of East Grand Rapids High School on the evening of May 5th. The various organizations in the school will sponsor concessions. All concessions will be closed at 8:30 o'clock so that all persons in attendance may see a play to be given at that time. The carnival is being sponsored by the Girls' Athletic Association, now in its second year at East. There will be dancing from 9 o'clock to 12. Everyone is invited to attend.

and dock by "working parties" of club members. A new "marine railway" is to be constructed and, with funds donated by members at a meeting of the club last week, a new building will be erected near the breakwater. This will probably be called the "Deck House", and will contain a workshop, storage lockers, and dressing room.

X-P 27

#56

THE ENTERPRISE

FOURTH YEAR AUGUST, 1939

THE ENTERPRISE IS PRINTED EVERY MONTH BY
EWING H. FORGEY, Blooming Grove, Texas.



For information about the National Amateur
Press Association, write Bernice McCarthy,
402 Second Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

APR 23 1944

The aim of the ENTERPRISE, is Advertising and Progress.

The National Amateur Press Association,
Organized July the 4, 1876. The 65 th
Annual Convention will be held in Philadel-
phia, Pennsylvania, July 4, 5, and 6, 1940.

VOTE FOR SALT LAKE CITY, 1941
N.A.P.A. Convention.

This space for Salt Lake City, if they want
it.

X-PN 4821

#57

THE ENCINAL

Volume Five January, 1939 Number Two

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

DUTY BOUND

By Russell Turpen

APR 29 1944

One minute—thirty seconds—fifteen seconds—five seconds—. As the second hand reached zero the officer yelled "Let's go!" His voice was drowned out by lusty yells from the raw recruits. The silence that had for a moment been suspended over no-man's land was shattered when the heavy artillery echoed the voice of the commanding officer.

The last of the dough-boys was crawling back, screaming, his nose half blown away by the force of a nearby explosion. Johnny clutched tighter the small cameo locket and heaved up into the rain of bullets. He crawled along, his rifle dragging in the mud behind him, alternately sobbing and cursing at the picture burned deeply in his horror tortured brain. Johnny stopped for a moment. Cold numbed fingers pressed the catch on the cameo locket. With a little pop, made conspicuous by the comparison with the big shells, the lid flew open, revealing a picture.

The picture was worn and spotted, but the face was clear cut, its fine features still plainly visible. She was beautiful. Long golden curls tumbled down her graceful neck, blue eyes shone kindly from beneath long lashes, and a faint smile turned up the corners of carmen lips.

ENCINAL 1-39

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

JUN 26 1943

#58

THE ENCINAL

Volume Five

January, 1939

Number Two

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The ELUCIAN

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

Vol. 1, No. 1

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

COPY August 1939

Illinois Engravers Hold up Publication

We believe in buying at home but not when it comes to paying three dollars for a cut you can get for one dollar elsewhere. Therefore, the cuts used in this issue were ordered from an Engraving Company in Rochelle, Illinois. On August fifth, they left Illinois and under ordinary circumstances would have reached us in ample time for the August 15 deadline. However, instead of being addressed to "The National Amateur Press Ass'n, 137 West First South St.," the package was labeled "The National Enterprise Press Ass'n, 137 West Fifth Street." Of course, no such organization was listed in the Salt Lake City directory, and the Post Office finally wrote to the sender to find the correct address. Thus it was August 22 before the cuts finally arrived.

We have now received "The New Times" whom we hoped to scoop, and therefore think it advisable to cut and rewrite some of our copy, as certain subjects were very well handled by TNT and that early bird "Whim." Although important, we do not consider them important enough to bear rehearsing a second or third time.

Third Utah Delegate Misses Much Fun

Rhoda Wallis, the third delegate from Utah, was very ill for her first week in the Bay Cities. She attended the first session Monday morning and the banquet that evening, but had to leave immediately and was unable to return to any future meetings. Due to her sister's nursing and attention she was able to enjoy the second week of her vacation.

Romance?

"Whim" states budding romance. You are no doubt wondering who fell for Miss McCarthy this year. Well, Pop, congratulations. We really admire your taste.



This picture was snapped just before the group photo taken at Zerikotes after the OAPC luncheon.

We understood that Pop had a way with the ladies. This convention surely proved it. Mrs. Lindblad and Mrs. Mendenhall each were objects of his admiration but it was Jane who really won.

FLASH—In a special meeting held August 25th, the Utah Amateur Press Club made plans to work for an official charter.

Chicken Pox Cancels Wedding

The pre-convention papers carried an announcement that Viola Knowlton (the coffee half of "Coffee & Ink") and Lee B. Hertzberg (the life of the party according to the OAPC Review) were to be married on the evening of July 4th and all NAPAPers were invited to attend.

But fate intervened and the groom-to-be was quarantined for two weeks with chicken pox. Although he felt well on July 3 and was able to drive the car, his quarantine was not up and the wedding was postponed until July 28. We hope the couple is now happily married and send our heartiest congratulations.

Incidentally, there's another romance in the Knowlton family. Mary is now wearing a ring from Charles Bloomer.

Bianchi Retires

Benny Bianchi evidently misunderstood the notice sent out by one of the mailing managers for he gave out the shocking news that he was going to retire if he had to supply both Bureaus with 300 copies. However, we hope the following explanation will help him change his mind.

The purpose of the double mailing bureau experiment is to lower cost of postage for editors living great distances from the bureau.

If enough papers demand it there will be a Western bundle out on the fifteenth of each month and an Eastern bundle out on the thirtieth. In order to do this editors must send 300 copies, along with fifteen cents per pound to cover postage and envelopes to whichever bureau they wish to use.

X-DR
X-PR

The ELUCIAN

#60

Vol. 1, No. 1 APR 29 1944

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

August 1939

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X-PN 4827

#61



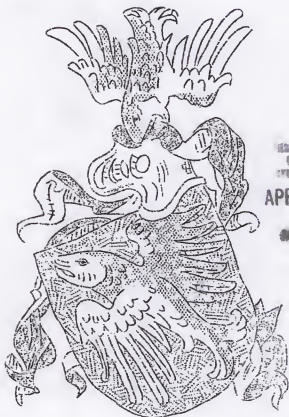
THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIALS ACQUISITION
APR 29 1944

EISEGESIS

A MAGAZINE TO AMATEUR JOURNALISTS

X-PN 4827

#62



IN LIBRARY OF
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SERIALS ACQUISITION
APR 29 1944

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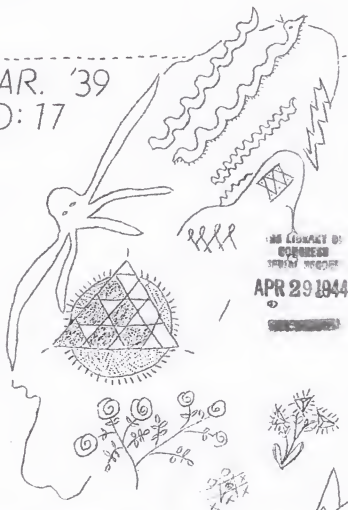
EISEGESIS

A MAGAZINE TO AMATEUR JOURNALISTS

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MAR. '39
NO: 17



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 29 1944

EISEGESIS

A MAGAZINE TO AMATEUR JOURNALISTS



The Eastern Greeter

An Amateur Publication

Vol. 5

Spring 1939

No. 3

Greater New York Chapter Personalities



Andrew Floyd Alix, our youngest member, is deeply interested in newspaper and magazine work. At present, he is employed afternoons every week as news carrier for the Yorkville Eagle.

The New York Advance, in its September 15th issue, carried a front-page two column article entitled, "Advance newsboy wins title of 'Model Boy'." The subheading followed, "Press Assn names 89th Street lad most typical in America." This article told also of his winning first prize in a contest run by the Advance:

(Continued on page 2)

THE INJURED BIRD

By Andrew Floyd Alix

As I was walking thru the park
I saw a flock of birds;
And in the flock I saw one hurt
Which cruel boys had stoned.
The little bird's wing was injured
But not beyond repair;
I brought him to the Arsenal
Hoping he'd get well there.

They promised me they'd treat
him well
And so I took my leave.
A month from then while in
the park

A flock of birds came down,
And from the group one hopped
to me

And flew upon my knee.
Somehow I thot I knew this bird--
Perhaps we'd met before.

Across his wing I saw a scar,
A fresh-healed wound was there;
To my surprise I'd found the bird
I helped a month before
Upon his face was thankfulness
He would have liked to tell:
My heart was filled with
happiness
Which he had planted well.

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JUN 28 1945

#66

The Eastern Greeter

— : An Amateur Publication : —

Vol. 6

Autumn - 1939

No. 1

U. A. P. A. DAY

AT THE FAIR

By Ye Editor

July 5 was designated as United Amateur Press Association of America Day at the 1939 N. Y. World's Fair.

On this date the Daily Mirror and the Times announced, that it was our day for an informal tour of the Fair, in their programs. Today At The Fair, the Fair's daily newspaper said in part, "Fair visitors will be wise today to mind their 'P's and Q's' and be careful to whom they talk. The Fair today is full of amateur journalists and editors and nothing is 'off the record.' The members of the United Amateur Press Association, who write as a hobby and not as a profession, have been holding their 43rd Annual Convention in New Jersey, and about 300 of them are at the Fair today. Members of the association include doctors, lawyers, judges and printers."

On the next day the N. Y. Herald-Tribune carried an item "Amateur Editors Tour Grounds", describing our visit. On the 7th the Daily Mirror had a two-column article by our youngest active member, Andrew Floyd Alix, "Editor, 13, Calls Fair 'Best In A Lifetime.'" And a fine picture of him, being interviewed by the Hon. Grover Whalen, accompanied the article. The popular cinema star Dorothy Lamour, gave an interview to Andrew, in behalf of the U. A. P. A.

Both Morris Gerber, our Eastern Manuscript Manager, and Andrew Floyd Alix were admitted to the Fair without charge, to officially represent us. (Andrew entered every amusement he cared about, free.) The Fair officials cooperated wonderfully, and our United got one more big boost. We are today acknowledged as THE Amateur Press Ass'n May our prestige continue to increase.

• • •  • • •

EXTRA MONEY

JULY 8 1945

Vol. 1, No. 1

December 1939

We apologize humbly. Due to insurmountable obstacles, the Christmas issue of VOX JUVENIS does not appear in this bundle. You'll receive your copy at a later date. However we made a promise and intend to keep it. We will have a paper in every bundle, even if it is necessary to mimeograph. We were forced to do so with this issue, so here is EXTRA MONEY, while you are waiting for VOX JUVENIS.

COMMENTS

We would like to reproduce here some of the comments on our own VJ. Some may regard it as satisfying our own ego, others may think we are whistling to keep up our courage. Perhaps it is. Nevertheless here are the comments which are goading us on to greater heights in amateur journalism.

"VOX JUVENIS is certainly outstanding in AFAA bundles. Fine make-up and printing, tempo of your article is higher than average and I like that. When I open the bundle I look at VJ first. That's no apple sauce." -Linton Clarke.

"VOX JUVENIS is a great start; don't let it fall by the wayside." -Bernice McCarthy.

"The only thing that I can say about VJ is that it's the best in the bundle." -Richard Schleihau.

"VOX JUVENIS is perfectly perfect!! You leave me in a panic that the Dawn will be forgotten in the scramble over VJ." -Helen Vivaritas.

"In my opinion, VOX JUVENIS rates top honors in any bundle." -Erl Tonyak.

"Boy, oh boy!!! Was that recent VOX JUVENIS Great Orchids to you and to VJ for your remarkable achievements in journalism. In my latest journal, I gave VJ the Orchids for the month. VJ is now #1 on the journal poll." -Elen Weise.

"All six of us think VJ is great." -Bob Runkle.

"VOX JUVENIS was first in the bundle. Your VJ is certainly held in high favor among AFAA members." -Arthur Crews.

NEWS ITEMS

The Editors of VOX JUVENIS recently had the good fortune to attend the annual convention of the Empire State Press Association. They attended the convention as representatives of their school paper. The PURPLE AND GOLD, prominent journalists, professors, and Editors delivered lectures for the two days the convention was held. A dance, banquet, and a collegiate football were part of the festivities. Mr. Voll is Editor of the school paper, while Mr. Caliva is the News Editor.

Although we are in hopes that VJ will reach you before December 25, the Editors take this opportunity to wish all AAPAers

A VERY

MERRY

CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY

NEW YEAR.

X-PN 4827

#68

RECEIVED BY OF
EN, WHITE CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

No. 6

JUN 28 1946

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NEW ORLEANS
New Orleans for Convention
City-----Page 2
Ditto -----Page 3
More of the Same-----Page 4

Tom Farnsworth, 13 Roberts Hall,
Colby, Waterville, Me.

X-PN 4227

69

EH, WHAT?

NUMBER 7

656182NHC, 1940

QUICK LUNCH

The man dashed into the quick lunch place, and slid onto a counter stool. "Whaddayagotonamenu?" he demanded.

"Here's our menu, sir," answered the waitress.

"Never mind that. Haven't time," he clipped. "Just read it off to me."

"Well, today's special is..." she began.

"Skip it. I'm inna hurry. Bring me something-anything-and I'll eat it and pay for it."

"Very well, sir." The waitress was used to all kinds. She hurried to the rear of the restaurant, leaving the customer drumming his fingers on the counter.

In a matter of minutes she was back with a "grill plate special:" spinach, two chops, potatoes, and rolls.

(See Page 4)

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

THE EASTERN BULL DOG

JUN 28 1940

VOL. 1

NO. 1

FEBRUARY 1940

IFT

#70



ED. & PUB. FRANCIS WEBER

ANOTHER 'AAPA'

PUBLICATION

MAR - - 1940

1

X-PN 482/

#71

**The
ECONOMIC ERA**

AUGUST 1940

NUMBER 1

**U. S. PRINTING OFFICE
LARGEST IN WORLD**

If all the postal cards printed by the Government Printing Office in one year were stacked one upon the other they would reach 200 miles into the sky, or if put end to end they would encircle the earth five times!

This printing office is the largest plant of its kind in the world. It consists of 99 linotype, 128 monotype and the latest presses including rotary web presses. The construction and equipment of the plant alone cost \$10,000,000. All branches of the government, excepting the Bureau of Printing and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

7 X-PA 4821

72
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

ECHOES

From the Paper City

Vol. II

Jan., 1940

No. 2

THERE'S NO SEASON LIKE AUTUMN...

(Helen A. Vivarttas)

Really there isn't.

I woke up this morning to find a painter straddling my window sill. His sudden appearance--rather my sudden awakening--was disconcerting, to say the least. I blamed him on those nightmares I always have when I know it's time to get up, and turned over to fall asleep again. Maybe, at my second awakening, I could leave him behind.

No such luck. I found one at every window, sometimes two or three. I couldn't pull the shades down for fear of hurting their feelings, and I couldn't leave them up for fear of hurting mine.

I ate my poached-egg-on-toast breakfast quite daintily. I felt on display--"For Exhibition Purposes Only." It was with a sense of escape that I entered the office, late as usual.

My desk and paraphernalia are located in a corner between three windows. Opposite the east window several painters were burning the paint off the house next door with acetylene torches. Two were apprentices, and notice

(Continued on Page 4)

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

73

ECHOES

JUN 23 1940

From the Paper City GIFT

Vol. II

February, 1940

No. 3

OUR GOOD FRIENDS

In reading about the American Revolution, one wonders at the attitude of the Tories—who were traitorous to the country which had given them food, shelter, a livelihood, and most of all a haven from the persecutions of a tyrant king. Such a callous ingratitude is hard to understand.

Yet today we still have our Tories—or "Anglophiles" as they are now known. And they have reached such a stage of power and influence that they control the acts of the government, itself. The result is an administration which worries more about what is happening to Great Britain in its struggle to retain its ill-gained possessions than it is about the millions of American citizens who are either unemployed or working at starvation wages on the WPA.

When war broke out between England and Germany, our fleet was despatched to Pacific waters to guarantee British interests would not be enroached upon by Japan. The embargo on arms and ammunition, previously passed to keep us out of war, was repealed in order that

(Continued on Page 4)

X-PM

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORDS

JUN 26 1940

ECHOES

From the Paper City

Vol. II

April, 1940

No. 4

FALSE ALARM

by Wayne Williams

Bob Abbott was plenty worried as he left the garage after parking the family car. "Gosh," thought Bob, "what if Dad finds out I came in so late!" He shuddered at the idea, for tonight was the first time in weeks he had been allowed to use the machine, and his father had granted permission only with the stipulation that he return home early. It would be hard to explain that he had been delayed for an hour and a half by a flat tire.

Quietly Bob slipped in through the back door, made his way carefully through the house, and climbed the stairs. He thought he heard a sound in one of the upstairs rooms, but finally concluded that his nerves were getting the best of him. If Dad happened to catch him now, it would be just too bad!

Someone had left the light on in the bathroom, so Bob started towards the door to put it out. He stopped in surprise as a low masculine voice reached his ears.

(See Page 2)

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#15

ECHOES

JUN 28 1945

From the Paper City

Vol. II

Sept., 1940

No. 5

The Peasant Prince

by William H. Grovesman

Dead for but seventy-five years. Abraham Lincoln is already recognized as being the greatest man America has produced, and stands well on his way to becoming a legend. Thousands of years from now, when perhaps civilization is again in a dark age, stories will be told about the great, kind, white man who led the Negroes out of their Egypt.

At his death a sorrowing nation paid him homage, for he had kept it from breaking up. It is hard to tell very much about Lincoln, so many legends seem to have already grown up about him. Some call him the greatest man ever; he certainly is one of the most outstanding characters of the past two thousand years. His birth and background make him appeal quite naturally to the common people, for here was a self-made man—one who had no education and yet grew up to accomplish great things. At times it almost seems certain that his destiny

(See Page 4)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

Vol. 1 JUN 28 1943

EASTERN

For The A. S. P. A. Only.

GREETINGS

This is the first issue of THE EASTERN, and I don't think I have why it is so named. It was mainly Charlie Hoyer, Bill MacGaregill, and personal friends who helped create THE EASTERN and I hope ye ajayers will help to keep it going. Naturally if the reception is not warm enough, THE EASTERN will not appear again.

The principal reason for THE EASTERN is to get across to you the long essays and stories that I hope will continue to appear on the last 2 pages. If you do not like it, or if you do, please write, and extracts from your letters will appear, if there is sufficient room, on the 2nd page. For the present this paper is unrelated to COMMENTARY

For your information, I am 18 years old (my birthday is Oct. 12), like journalism very much, altho it will definitely not be my life work, and am very ACTIVE and wholly against
(Continued on page 4)

EXCLUSIVE^{X-PN 4827}

AUGUST, 1940 77

THE WAIT

by Cornelius Jones

I was restless, worried. I walked
in circles for something to do.
No, it didn't work. I tried to sleep.
I tried to read. Would it never
come?

Opening the yesterday's mail
again I tried to reply on it. No.
What's wrong with it? Why doesn't
it hurry?

For days I had been like this,
walking my hair, not sleeping hard
ly eating, my heart filled with
anxiety.

I was ready but I needed that --

Ah! the door bell. 'It's here!'

I gave a sigh of relief. "My
press is at last here. Now I can
start work on the first issue
of 'Exclusive' "

I ran to the door.

X-PN 4827

#78



BURTON SMITH'S

EISEGESES

NO 33 MAY 1 1940

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

For The Public Welfare

To Visit You Often

By Mail, Single Copies 5c

International Circulation

VOLUME 23.

1940

NUMBER 4 & 5

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, Seattle
Lodge No. 10, meet every Monday at 8 P. M., at the A.O.U.W. Hall, 1409 9th Avenue.

Meetings are planned in advance, but often vary, as follows: 1st Monday of each month, Page - if there are not any applicants for membership in this Rank, it becomes a Business and Entertainment Meeting.

2nd Monday of each month, Rank of Esquire, if no applicants same as 1st Monday.

3rd Monday of each month, Rank of Knight, if no applicants same as 1st Monday.

4th Monday of each month, Entertainment and Lunch.

5th Monday, when same occur, a GOOD FEELINGSHIP Meeting.

Watch the Daily Papers for details.

Officers of Seattle Lodge No. 10 are: Leonard Wilson, Chancellor Commander; Willard J. Conroy, Vice Chancellor Commander; Dr. Charles A. Short, Master Exchequer and Grand Chancellor Commander of the State of Washington; Frank D. Reynolds, Master of Finance and Keeper of Seals; J. W. Kinder, Prelate; Emil Linblad, Inner Guard; Arthur C. Ford, Outer Guard; C. T. Slusser, Master at Arms and Arthur H. Robinson, Publicity Knight. There are rumors Robinson is to be the next Vice Chancellor Commander and he often takes the Chair now, to act in that capacity.

Pleasant Bay Lodge No. 197, **KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS**, Kirkland, Washington, meet every Wednesday in their own Hall; they own the Building, lot and several adjoining lots. It is the most active Lodge in the District. Their membership remains on an even keel, in good and bad times. It is the only Lodge to have a full quota of Knights in their domain.

Officers of the Lodge are: Gilbert O. Quaintance, Chancellor Commander; Ray Forbes, Vice Chancellor Commander; E. S. Bright, R. F. D. No. 2, Kirkland, Washington, Keeper of Records and Seals; Clayton Langksberry, Master at Arms; Denton, Inner Guard; Stuart,

Outer Guard; Henry Johnson, Master Exchequer; Henry Schneider, Master of Finance and Clark, Master of Works.

Brother Knight, Bert Isackson, of Pleasant Bay Lodge No. 197, Kirkland, Wn., interested your printer and publisher in Pythianism. Brother Isackson is a hard and honest worker for Pythianism. Contact him.

The Drum and Bugle Corps of Pleasant Bay Lodge No. 197, Knights of Pythias, Kirkland, Wn., is a wonderful organization and among engagements held and to hold are: Decoration Day Parade of Seattle, 4th of July Parade in Seattle, Seattle Potlatch, Ellensburg Rodeo, Portland Rose Festival, Bellevue Strawberry Festival, Bellingham Jamboree, Everett Carnival, Seattle Labor Day Parade and so on. Most of those in the Corps are in their teens and BOY!!! can they play!!! Honorary Membership in the Corps is \$1.00. Send your Membership to Bob White in care of Everybody's Friend. The Dues go for necessary equipment for the Corps. Help these Young People and YOU help build a Greater Humanity. Boys and Girls are greatly interested in these Corps and compose them. Your \$1.00 Honorary Membership to support these groups of Young People will repay YOU great dividends in better Citizens, a New Generation of Better Business Men and Women, and more Prosperity to all of US. ACT NOW.

TELLING THE PUBLIC

(A Column proposed and written by Arthur H. Robinson, Publicity Knight of the Knights of Pythias, Seattle Lodge No. 10, A. O. U. W. Hall, 1409 9th Avenue, Seattle, Washington. Residence: 2764-A Westlake Avenue North. Business Address: County Assessor's Office, Stencil Department, — Supervising Clerk, — 201 County-City Building. Phone: MAIN 5900 Local 307. The Seattle Star would not consider this Column, so it is still for sale for the best offer.)

Greetings - Everybody:-

This Column is for YOU. It will be conducted for the Public Welfare only. No small groups will be privileged in it and all will meet here on common ground. Comments welcome and same will be given Public attention, but be brief and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

The EXPRESS

Volume 3

April 20, 1940

Number 1

CONVENTION TO BEER CITY

WITH INK IN HER HAIR

Twenty-three year old Ruth Warner, a recent addition to the ranks of the AAP, has recently purchased a 5x2 Halcyon press. The less known falls us, one of the female members of the Kande Klan operating press (with brother's hair) and believe that Ruth is the first woman to own and operate her own press. (Correction)

Ruth has six things planned and aims to get them done. Most just look what I've been missing. I'll stick just try to get rid of me," is her quoted opinion of a joy.

In general, Ruth thinks that woman's place is in the home "but also on where else" and she feels that women can do just as well as the men in a job.

Ruth's ambition, like many of ours, is to do something that will make her famous. But she has already had two poems printed in a southern magazine. She promises to answer all well received. (R 2 Box 230 Decatur, Ala.)

The editors doff their hats to Ruth Warner and warn: "Look to your laurels, men, before these women just take over!"

ARAZA MALES PRINT NO OFFER

Chairman Erich Werner of the Constitution Committee has announced that Director Arazza has offered to print the Constitution for the AAPA. He said that he and Vice-chairman May are now discussing the offer and that in all probability it will be accepted.

The Constitution is now reworded and passed amendments.

WISCONSIN CAUSE SHIFT

By Roy Halgren

Following the official announcement by AAPA President Vivartas of a Detroit victory in the '40 power strife, friction from a full preferred Wisconsin faction forced a compromise which shifted the meet to Milwaukee. The final decision culminates months of angry propaganda by the large Wisconsin gang who richly deserve the victory.

THE EXPRESS was informed by an early dispatch from President Vivartas that Detroit has won the conflict after an unofficial poll of AAPAians. However, a conference between the LAJONS and the Wisconsin group led to a hasty settlement and the subsequent transfer to Milwaukee.

Erich Werner, Roy Maude, and Bruce Smith have illustrated the ability of AAPAians to settle disputes before they become serious.

Erlich Werner, MAJOR leader, was called as to his mother's home plans including the convention shift. "It is possible," he said, "that a third state convention will be held."

NOTICE

THE EXPRESS needs copywriters. Best of all, and in interest stories should be reported to the editors. We are always on the lookout for the story behind the action. Do you know one? If so, do us both a favor and send it in.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

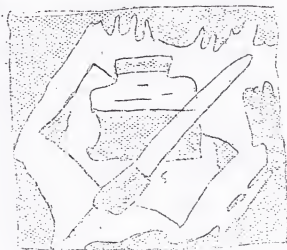
#81

E X O L U S I V E JUN 28 1977

Vol. 2, No. 1

August, 1974

X-PR 4227



JUN 28 194

EXCLUSIVE

COPY

COPY

Vol. 1 No. 5

THE OBSESSION

Years ago I killed him.

He was staring at me. I felt the telepathic sensation and cautiously turned to meet his gaze.
 I say--NO! It could not be. God spare me!
 Jonathan Weiss.
 His face horribly contorted...
 A tear from cheek to forehead.
 And--Lord! No! His eyes were staring so fiendishly upon me. Hard, hard.
 Memories came back. Of that night when I thought I had killed that... that unspeakable brute---
 I screamed. Loud---
 Turning swiftly, I left the room yelling while the other dancers stood gaping, unable to speak.
 I drove for hours--far into the night.
 Far into the country...
 sheer madness drove me on. I had seen the dead return. Had seen the fantastic actually return.
 "Put-t-t"--the car ran out of gas and stopped.
 Stopped...
 Near a little country church.
 Dizzily I quit the auto and whistled my way to the church.
 Then...
 I saw a cemetery.
 I was ghastly, weird. A mist hung over it and the rising sun was laying desperately to come through.
 And from the graves. Lord! Ghouls. Coming at me. I stood petrified. They came, came, came...
 I screamed loud.
 Fainted...
 When I awoke I found myself lying in the cemetery yard and the sun was streaming down happily, lending golden rays of sunshine to the earth.
 I meet him every night. Meet the dead. Lord. Oh, I want to die! I am afraid to, for then I'd be with him always.
 God--spare me from further horrors of my obsession---

Years ago I killed him.

--R. Cornelius Jones

I took great notice of the Mss. and Criticism Bureau Manager's notice in the April American Amateur Journalist.
 This paragraph especially caught my eye: "Two months of my new term have gone by, and I've received four requests for manuscripts and few incoming manuscripts. If there is no greater need than this, why continue to bother with such a bureau? The bureau in its present state is no more influential than a king in a German-occupied country."
 I hereby resolve to send at least one mss. to the bureau a month.
 What you?

JUN 28 1955

COPY
— GIFT

#83

THE
EAST COAST
Earbender

INSANITY? NO!
THE A.P.C. CLUB

On the warmish, autumn afternoon of September 2, 1941, a very bewildered editor of this publication had the bravery and also the opportunity to attend a regular meeting of the Amateur Printer's Club.

Immediately three things were noticed. One was that the group should change its cognomen to the "Every Man for Himself Club." Second, the only safe method to view a gathering of this sort is from a safe distance. Third, that when in the midst of these seething, boiling, typesetting maniacs, one should never make a remark about anything pertaining

IF YOU CAN STAND ANY MORE,
PLEASE TURN TO PAGE SIX.

THE EAST COAST

EARBENDER



#84

STILL AROUND , NO

THANKS TO THE NAPA

---See page 3.

WHAT YOU'LL FIND INSIDE
IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH.

EARBENDER CONFERS FIRST
DEGREE OF KNIGHTHOOD...

ASTRONOMICAL REVIEW OF
THE LAST BUNDLE.....

A DOUBLE RETURN TO FORM
BY THE NOTORIOUS GNORF
DOCTOR, COMPLETE WITH ALL
THE TRIMMINGS.....

FATE OF NORMAN S. LEVINE

ALSO PICTURES, STORIES,
FREE COUPONS, BINGO, AND
ONE THIRD LESS GAS.

THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE
PRESENT. DON'T SIT HERE
LIKE A BUMP ON A LOG.
START READING, AND SEE
WHAT THE AAPA DOES TO
A NORMAL HUMAN BEING...

TO RUN OR NOT TO RUN

THAT IS THE QUESTION

There arrives a time
in every young man's life
when he is confronted with
the greatest problem of
all, - to run or not to
run.

That is a serious
matter which every youth
should face at some time
or other in his career.
If not answered correctly,
this question can prove to
be more of a plague than
anyone can imagine.

It was not easy to de-
cide whether the Editor of
the Earbender should run
or not. Much care and
worry was put into this
question. Men sat up late
at night and scratched
their heads over the prob-
lem. But, an answer was
finally reached.

The Editor of the Ear-
bender is NOT running...for
any AAPA office. Are you lucky!

X-PN 4827 HELP YOURSELF EDITION

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

For The Public Welfare

A Product of Washington, the Evergreen State, and Seattle, the Queen City
of The Charmed Land

To Visit You Often

By Mail, Single Copies 5c

International Circulation



OUR POLICIES

DAVID LEABELL, EDITOR.



We will and shall continue to publish views as seen regardless of comments received.

What is considered wrong today is very likely to be right tomorrow.

We do not intend to take a narrow minded view of the World, hut to give as broad minded views as possible.

We are for Democracy of, by and for the People and not for Democracy of, by and for a privileged few known as Privateers, Capitalists, Industrialists, Imperialists, Autocrats, Plutocrats and so on.

We are for a Farmer-Labor Party of the United States and the World, or everybody in favor of same.

We favor a New Order in the United States, as the Order of Capitalism has served Its purpose and is now ready to be born anew, or shed the old skin for the new, to put aside old ways and follow new ways.

We are not against Communism, Socialism and so on, because often what is condemned today is the Power of tomorrow. Get into the midst of conditions for all views and do not be quick or narrow in your decisions, until you have judged all sides; be sure to decide in favor of The Public and not against The Public Welfare.

The Greatest Men and Women have been those doing the most GOOD for the Public Welfare, namely: Jesus Christ, George Washington, Robert T. Paine, Robert G. Ingersoll, Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, George R. Kirkpatrick, Eugene V. Debs, Upton Sinclair, Harriet Beecher Stowe and many others, so we aim to improve the Public Welfare.

We hope to improve Our Policies as time marches on.

We hope to be with the Tide of Evolution and not against It; for to be against the Tide of Change is to be swept under by It, as the old Orders have been in Russia, Germany, Italy and other States, and the end is not yet.

VOLUME 24. 1942 NUMBER 6.

Everybody's Friend needs YOU, hut YOU need Everybody's Friend more than It needs YOU, because NOW is the time to help yourself to Nature's Provisions; all is here for the Producers — The Workers.

We are for the Producers to receive according as they produce.

We are for Service and not profit.

Come unto Everybody's Friend and YOU shall not want, for here is the solution for Bread and Drink of Living in Plenty for ALL.

We are in favor of a Medium of Exchange that cannot be used against the Public Welfare, or an Amendment to Our Constitution as follows: Money or the Medium of Exchange cannot be used for the purchase of Factories, or any Industries used by the People, or producing Necessities for Public use — the Medium of Exchange shall only be good for the purchase of Necessities of Living, or Products of Production; to purchase Homes, Cars, Radios and so on used Privately — the Medium of Exchange shall not be used for Profit, Rent Interest, Loan, or in any way used against the Public Welfare — It will be used as Postage Stamps are now used, that is for Service. Everykind of production will be paid for in full value and the Medium of Exchange used thruout the World, or all Money will have the same value wherever used.

Our Policy is to interest YOU, so you will subscribe, advertise, or contribute to Our Visits to YOU. The more YOU contribute the oftener Everybody's Friend can visit YOU. YOU help yourself thru your contributions to Everybody's Friend, as It serves YOU and is your Friend in Service, not profit. Serve and you will be served. Give and you will receive.

Our Policy is to welcome your comments, good and otherwise. 250 Word Comments published from all Subscribers, Advertisers and Contributors; longer Comments will be reduced in order to give space to all desiring same.

Some Friends send us type, ink, cuts and other material, which is useful to Everybody's Friend and request that they do not want to be men-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JUN 28 1942 #56

★ THE ECHO ★

Volume 1

~~COPY~~ Number 1

May

1942

SONG OF THE WORKERS

"Chip! Chip!" our axes go,
Shaking the tree with a mighty
blow.

"Chip! Chip!" our axes go.
Felling a tree is very slow.
Crash! Bang! It falls at last,
Soon it will be a big ship's
mast.



THE ECHO

Volume 1

Number 2

July

1943



FOR ANYONE TICKLERS

Inventor: When my new invention's finished, you'll know. But right now it's a secret.

Assistant: Secret! You know I can keep secrets! It's the people I tell them to that can't keep them!

Teacher - Johnny, is there any place in the U.S. other than Death Valley below sea level?

Johnny - Yes, the bottom of Lake Superior.

X-PN 9627

CLUB
SERIAL No.

#56

THE BULLETIN

Vol. I Sept., 1943 No. IV

Onward-



to many more
birthdays!

7th Anniversary of Founding of AAPA

Vol. I

No. 5

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION
The
ECHO JUN 28 1945

Printed, edited, and published
for the AAPA by Leslie Boyer,
Box 327, Palmyra, Missouri.

THE BUGLER

by Private Gabby Gabbaree, Jr.

One of the most popular (?) fellows in the army is the bugler. Most of you are familiar, no doubt, with that famous song, Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning, but until you have been in the army you really can't fully appreciate the beauty of that song. In civilian life you turn off the alarm and dress (Cont. on p. 3)

THE CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#90

The E JUN 20 1943

Vol. I Nov., 1943 No. 6

NET

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Fat Patient: What exercise do you recommend for reducing?

Doctor: Just move the head slowly from side to side when offered a second helping.

"I understand Badoglio is building a new submarine."

"Yes-he wants to inspect his navy."

"How did you break your leg, Mr. Smith?"

"I threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it."



V

FOR



VITAMINS!



16 Pages

Price 2¢

BELLEVUE TO HAVE WAR MEMORIAL

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Bellevue Civilian Defense Council was honored recently by having present William Anderson County Coordinator.

After checking over Bellevue Control Center managed by Chester Perrin and attending their Air Raid Warden meeting, he stated that he was very well pleased with the progress that is being made by the Bellevue Civilian Defense.

Harold Griffith, Committee Chairman for the erection of an honor roll and war memorial to the soldiers of Bellevue, has called a special committee meeting to be held at the City Hall Wed. April 14 at 8 P.M.

He has requested that all Fraternal, Civic and Social Organization men be present.

**RAISE A
VICTORY GARDEN**

XEN 4007

#92



Volunteers Needed For Surgical Unit

FIFTH BLOOD DONATION DRIVE

The Campbell Co. Mobile Unit Red Cross Blood Bank will be at St. Paul's Parish House, York and Court Place, Newport, beginning May 25 through May 29. Hours 1 to 5 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m. Monday through Friday. Saturday from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Phone CO 8050 for appointment.

FATHER'S DAY JUNE 20

Would our boys in the Service be as proud of us as we are of them if they knew that only 11 ladies attended the Surgical Unit one afternoon out of 102 volunteers? Housecleaning and shopping are excuses given.

Surgical Dressings are badly needed by the boys at the Front; they are being wounded every minute and cannot wait.

Come on Ladies!! This

Continued on Page 3

SCOPING THE SCOOPING

-by-

ROBERT C. (RAB) JONES

THE INTENTION WAS A CONVENTION

We had a letter yesterday from Bill Groveman, whom we had not heard from in over a year, and just to tell the truth, we did not ever expect to hear from again... We remember back when we first joined up with the American that Bill was the moving spirit--the most active member of it--by far. But things have moved the opposite way since, and Bill has become more an NAPA'n now than an American. But, at any rate, he is an amateur journalist, and a darned good one at that.

Bill is now at Camp Wheeler, Ga., which is only about 175 miles from Cedartown, and he wrote, suggesting that we get together sometime and meet each other. That sounds fine. We could really tell the tales, there is no doubt about it... We have always considered Bill one of our special friends, and it would be the greatest kind of a pleasure to meet him in person. Have no fear, we shall get together sometime soon.

But, speaking of getting together, reminds me of something very funny that happened back in the summer of 1940. We were living in Doatur, Ala. at the time, and Dick Schliehauf, who lived in Birmingham, and ourself decided to hold a Southern convention for these AAPA'ns who couldn't get to New York for the national convention. We did

a lot of writing, and a lot of planning, and we had 30 or so members who were coming to the convention.

When the day for the convention did come, we boarded the bus for Birmingham. Dick met us at the station, with the rest of the conventioners. Except that there were no more. Yes, you guessed it, Dick and ourself were the only ones there.

Undaunted, we went ahead, elected officers, and carried on the meeting just as if we had a hundred a-jays there. We elected ourself Chair man of the convention and elected Dick, Secretary. And, immediately following the close of our sessions, we dispatched a note to Bruce Smith, who was the secretary of the AAPA then, informing him of our convention, and what a "great success" it was. We never did

EXCLUSIVE —
AJAY'S OWN NEWSPAPER
Robert C. Jones,
Managing Editor
Box 415
Cedartown, Ga. 12

EXCLUSIVE

Vol. 3

July 2, 1943

No. 1

ONCE IT WAS JUST JONES
NOW-IT'S 'KIWI' JONES

ED OF EXCLUSIVE
SOON ONE OF
UNCLE'S BOYS

ATLANTA, GA. In a simple ceremony in his office, Maj. Gen. William Brydon, Commanding General of the Fourth Service Command, presented five 17-year old Air Corps Enlisted Reservists their identifying lapel "wings" to wear with their civilian dress until they are 18 and are called for active training as Aviation Cadets.

Among the five minded young men was Robert C. Jones of Cedartown, who is editor of Exclusive, an amateur newspaper distributed thru the American Amateur Press Association, and who serves as Circulation Manager of the semi-weekly Cedartown Standard.

These are the first 17-year old reservists to be issued the new lapel button wings.

find out whether Bruce caught on to our little farce or not.

As they say, "Truth is stranger than fiction." But it was fun.

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JUL 22 1945
GFT

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EXCLUSIVE

Published for

The American Amateur Press Association

by Rob Jones

of Box 415, Cedartown, Ga.

Vol. 3

No. 2

September, 1943

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

SERIALS ACQUISITION

JUN 28 1944

#94

LOST HORIZON FOUND

It is August 22nd as I write. This is to be the second issue of my amateur paper in a year. Until last month, my interest in amateur journalism, though fanned now and then, had waned to the point where it was almost gone. The fact of the matter is that my interest had so waned that I did not even write Mailer Karl Williams about my bundles, which I have not received in about six months. Consequently, I know almost nothing about present day happenings in our little world. Always, however, there has been in the back of my mind, ever haunting me, a love for the American Amateur Press Association, a love for the great hobby of amateur journalism.

I can never escape it, I know that now. After all this time, I find myself imbued with an enthusiasm for a day such as I have never before experienced. 'Tis a wonderful thing... a day.

There are probably a lot of new names in our bundles. I remember a few of those who were just making a place for themselves when I was, as Robert Cornelius Jones, still pitching... Jim Sellers, Leland Hawes, Roy Barron to name a few. Wonder how they're coming along now? Are they still going strong? To them, and to those who have come in since them, alas, I shall be just as new as if I were just a new-comer instead of a three-year member.

And those old friends of mine... all of them. How are they? I learned the other day that my pal Mike Phelan was in the Marines. And... Helen Vivarttas, is she still President? Where are Gabby Gabaree and Bruce Smith now? And how about Ken Kulzich, George Kay, Bill Haywood, Lin Clark, Bill Bradfield, Johnny Vaglianti, and the two Smith boys; just to name a few? Great folks they are! Lord, how I've missed every one of you!

My thoughts have gone back a hundred times to those two Banner Awards "for outstanding service to the AAPA" which Bob Kunde awarded me back in 1940 and 1941. And the times I had acting as Club-Chapter Manager in 1941, and as Director in 1942... together with Luther, Bill, Gabby, and Al. What fun! We had our arguments, to be sure. But that had to go with it. It was still great.

And then, I recall the time when Luther, and Eddie Price, and Pearl Rawling, and I started, or tried to start the Southeastern States Amateur Press Chapter back in 1941, when I was living in Thomasville. And, whatever happened to Jim Knepton, whom I recruited there? Is he active, as he promised he would become?

The blunders (many they were), the disappointments in my fellow amateurs were well balanced by the happiness they brought me.

I am back now. This time to stay. I can never escape the bite of the bug; I know that now. Never again shall I try to. I

X-PN 4857

#95



EDITOR'S

WASTEBASKET

Volume 1 Number 3

JUN 28 1943

LET SOLDIERS COME

HOME TO VOTE?

That's What New Jersey

Legislature Demanded

In 1864

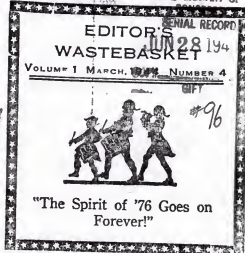
Why not let the soldiers come home to vote? A ridiculous suggestion? Of course, but not much more ridiculous than when it was first suggested by a New Jersey politician during the Civil War.

Such a legislative resolution undoubt-

edly would have been passed

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ONE LIBRARY OF



THE LIBRARY of
CONGRESS
ECHOES from

JUN 28 1945

Memphremagog
ON THE CANADIAN BORDER
NEWPORT. VERMONT

I cum acrost some A.A.P.A.
papers. whatever they might be
this mornin' and I says to my-
self, I says, 'Why can't I print
me up a paper and join, too. So
I ambles over to the type barrel
Oh, yes, this barrel is where I
keep my type. Easier to take
apart that way. Wal, to make a
short story, shorter, I finished
her and here she is. Look her
Continued on last page.

X-DN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

CHOES from

Lake

APR 28 1944

Memphremagog

ON THE CANADIAN BORDER

NEWPORT, VERMONT

I cum acrost some A.A.P.A.
papers. whatever they might be
this mornin' and I says to my-
self, I says, 'Why can't I print
me up a paper and join, too. So
I ambles over to the type barrel
Oh, yes, this barrel is where I
keep my type. Easier to take
apart that way. Wal, to make a
short story, shorter, I finished
her and here she is. Look her
Continued on last page.

A-PN 4827



EDITOR'S
WASTEBASKET

VOLUME 1 APRIL NUMBER 5

JUN 28 1945

The Destroyer

Destroyers are the greyhounds of the Fleet. They are the speedy little warships that seem to be always busy. A Destroyer's displacement is not over 2,000 tons or its length more than 400 feet, but it can develop a 37-knot speed and maneuver in the water with re-



markable agility. A powerful little fighter besides being quick and versatile, the Destroyer carries hard-

continued on next page

X-PN 4827

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EDITOR'S
WASTEBASKET

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281945
M A G A Z I N E

NEW SERIES VOL 2 NUMBER 1945

Getting out a paper is no picnic.
If we print jokes people say we are
silly;

If we don't, they say we are too seri-
ous.

If we clip things from other papers,
we are too lazy to write 'em ourselves.

If we don't we are too fond of our
own stuff.

If we don't print contributions, we
don't appreciate true genius;

If we do print them, the paper is
filled with junk.

Now, like as not, someone will say,
we swiped this from some other
magazine—We did!

The above is re-printed from "The Bellevue Echo."

EDITOR'S WASTEBASKET
Volume 1 January '44 Number 2
X-PN 4827 SERIAL RECORD #101
SUCH IS LIFE IN AMERICA
Reprinted from Road Magazine.
July 28 1945

SETH T. French is putting a new roof on his home in Albany, Oregon. He is living in the house while the work is going on. He glanced up at the clear skies the other night and decided it wasn't necessary to throw a canvas over the temporarily unhinged roof of his bedroom. So he went to bed with the bright stars as his ceiling. Hours later Mr. French was awakened by a heavy downpour in his face. Mr. French's face was not only wet but red, - he happens to be the local weather observer.

HOW IT WORKS

An article suggested by a pamphlet put out by George's Print Shop, 2145 York St., Denver, 5, Colorado.

DO you realize that printers measure the price of a job not only on the paper or card but on the work and skill that went into the printing itself.

Continued on next page.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

#102

The Eager Beaver

An amateur journal published for the American Amateur Press Association by Sgt. Michael Phelan, currently of the U. S. Marines, and his wife, Helen, of Box 467, Plainfield, Conn.

Number One

September, 1944

Back In Circulation

IT'S GOOD to be back in circulation. The AAPA bundles that have come my way in the past 15 months while in the Marine Corps, have added a breath of "the old days" and a touch of "the old gang" to this roving, indefinite life. Such a tonic rendered monthly, is bound to produce results.

One cannot sit back with disinterested ease and watch Wes Wise, now two years overseas, produce an amateur journal chock full of beliefs, ideals, ambitions, and impressions, without realizing that too many of us at home and Stateside are doing too little to keep our hobby and association a-kicking.

Add to Wes' exhibition of ac-

tivity the journal published by Gabby Gabaree, in the Burma-China-India theatre—or the amazing little paper from Ira Swindall and his pretty Wave wife, Viv, both in the service—or the publishing activities of the Wessons, with their excellent issues of the official organ as well as *Standpipe*—or Clinton Folin's rollicking *Army Scrap Book*—total these, and other efforts, and one realizes that many of our number, now busy in the armed forces, are doing their share to maintain the AAPA.

Lads, it's good to be back in circulation with this *Eager Beaver*! Let's all try to circulate.

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS RECORD

#103

The Eager Beaver

1942-1943

COPY

GIFT

An amateur journal published for the American Amateur Press Association by S/Sgt. Michael Phelan, currently of the U. S. Marines, and his wife, Helen, of Box 467, Plainfield, Conn.

Number Two

December, 1944



I Am His Wife

Oh, let me lay my head tonight upon his breast
And close my eyes against the light—I fain would rest.
I'm weary and the world looks sad. This worldly strife
Turns me to him!—And oh, I'm glad to be his wife.
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have him.
And in his love I may abide, for he is true,
My only solace in each grief and in despair—
His tenderness is my relief—it soothes each care.
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From his, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies, fall to my lot. I'd ever remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
His true regard, his presence bright through care and strife;
And oh, I thank my God tonight I am his wife.

(With apologies to an unknown author.—H. P.)

The Eternal feminine

"In War, Women Too Must Do Their Part"

Volume I Ridgefield Park, N. J. August 1944 Number 1

Boston National Convention Impressions

By HELEN CRANE HEINS

JUST 24 years ago at this writing, I sat on the sands of Revere Beach, near Boston and wrote up my impressions of the 45th Boston Convention of the Napa. My husband was sporting in the waves and when he came out, to read what I had scribbled, nonchalantly said: "I guess it will do!" I had promised this to my step-son John Milton Heins for his *American Amateur* where it duly appeared. That night at the home of Edith Miniter I was dumbfounded, when my humble account was read over my protest, and received polite acclaim.

This year with my sons in the war, I was steamed up to attend the United Alumni Re-union at the Times Square Hotel in New York City. This was such a fine affair, with so many Amateurs from distant points, that I asked my liege-lord: "Why don't I belong?" "Sorry!" he said, "My dear woman"—me his Helen! If you please!—"But that is out of the question. This is for us old-timers. Happily you don't belong in that category." This flattery went over my head. For I have many recollections as a young girl, of the Gotham Press Club days, where they even tried to match me up with A. M. Adams, who to this day glibly regrets (as an old flame should) that this courtship came to naught. Then as an active member in the Blue Pencil Club and the National, where I cherished many friendships, of some alas, who are no more.

From the United Alumni revels, many were to take a midnight choo-cho for the Boston Convention, and I was slyly informed, not to allow my husband to go there alone. The temptations that would beset him! And even: "Is he too stingy to take you along?" So my reluctance to go was overcome. (But how smoothly it was done!) Thus I found myself late Sunday Afternoon, with Grace Moss, the charming wife of B. Franklin Moss who had just been elected President of the United Alumni, riding in a Pullman reservation Bostonward. We missed the Parker Roundup, and that held by the Thrift's—and sad to say the closing event at Michael White had to be foregone—as our friends from Springfield, Mass. arrived a day too soon, whose car for our visit, and the gas rationing could not be denied. But if the affairs we missed, were but a tithe of what the Cole's offered up, those omissions must ever be our regrettable loss.

At Convention when you have no vote to cast. No motion to make or argue, or office to seek, Amateurs waste little time on you. But at the House Party! "Why Mrs. Heins! So glad you came. Take off your things and make yourself at home." Which you do on the Coles's roomy porch. Pinned in by Tim Thrift, Edward Cole, Nelson Morton, George Houtain, Paul Cook and that man who legally claims to own me. Here Grace Moss and I listen, as all these ruminate, disseminate and explicate on the deeds and offences of long ago. While boisterous laughter and songs from within filter to us its overtones. Then a "Come and

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Vol. 4.

No. 1.

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Anniversary Edition

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THE ECHO

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
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#106

JUN 28 1944

Vol. I

Jan., '44

No. 8

LAZINESS

By Linton Clark

FOR generations laziness has been scorned, repudiated, sneered at or joked about. Now comes a new science of healing--drugless therapy--which announces that laziness is the cause of disease! If you are lazy, you are sick.

The report seems sensible, for you can't keep a healthy person still -- without chloroforming.

Most news accounts go only so far as to report



this finding. It is noteworthy to add that by this new science of

(Continued on page 3)

EDN 4927

★★ THE ECHO ★★

#102

Volume I

February, 1944

Number 9

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER

PART EIGHT

I was on the boat twelve days; seasick all the time. Nothing going down; everything coming up. I leaned over the rail most of the time. In the middle of one of my best leans the Captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it it's up."

Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the

fellows, "I think we dropped anchor." He said, "I knew they'd lose it. It's been hanging out ever since we left New York."

We landed in Australia and were immediately sent to the trenches. The cannon began to roar and the shells began to fall. I started shaking with patriotism.

(Continued next month)



WHY NOT RECRUIT THAT NEW MEMBER, NOW?

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THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

#105

THE ECHO

JUN 23 1945

COPY

GIFT

March, 1944



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TEN

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#109

THE ECHO

JUN 28 1945

VOLUME 1

APRIL, 1944

COPY

NUMBER 11

Funnybone Ticklers..

A Chinese cook was walking through the woods, and, turning around, saw a grizzly bear following him, and smelling his tracks!

"Hmm," said the Chinaman. "You like my tracks - - velly good. I hurry and make some more."



Sergeant (during roll call): Brown!

Voice: Here.

Sergeant: I don't see Brown. Who answered for him?

Voice: I did. I thought you called my name.

Sergeant: What is your name?

Voice: Stenenopotski!



A clergyman named Fiddle refused to accept a degree.

He said: "It's bad enough to be called Fiddle, without being called Fiddle, D.D."



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THE ECHO

#110
THE LIBRARY OF
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^{COPY}
for June, 1944



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Baglienti
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Jackson
Others



FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

ANPA

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—THE ECHO—

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

VOL. 2, NO. 2

★
JULY, 1944

COPY 1411
1411 ISSUE

For an Efficient Board:

President - ED WALL

Has done such outstanding work as 1st V. Pres, and in FOUR FREEDOMS that it is only natural that AAPA's highest honor be accorded him.

WESSON. One of our most active and capable members for several years.

Treasurer - KENNETH

KULZICK. An active, capable, and loyal AAPA'ian.

1st Vice Pres. - LEE RIDDLE. First-rate publisher & active for several years.

Official Ed. - KARL X. WILLIAMS. AAPA's first o.e. is again in a position favorable to economical production of an high-grade publication.

2nd V. Pres. - PAUL JACKSON. This capable AAPA'er has several plans for the office's welfare.

Mailer - IRWIN O. BRANDT. AAPA's most active printer; been in a.j. for a quarter century.

Secretary - HELEN V.

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THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

Ye Olde AAPA is now 8 Years Old!

JUN 20 1945

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THE ECHO—



September, 1944

VOLUME 2

16TH ISSUE

NUMBER 4

113

NO. 60 7. 12.

The Echo

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SERIAL RECORD
OCT 19 1945

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Vol. 2-OCTOBER . . . 1944-No. 5

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JUN 28 1945

VOL. 2, NO. 6 NOV. '44 COPY 18TH ISSUE

Precious

by NORMAN QUILLMAN
Capac, Michigan

Keep friendship in your heart and home,
Take it with you where'er you roam,
Spread it gladly along the way,
Watch the results from day to day.

Life is soothed by being friendly--
Treat it not as a luxury;
Summed up, it is primarily
A story of kind sympathy.

It is precious--treat it as such.
Give it always Loves magic touch,
Lest some unkind words be spoken
And the tender cords be broken.

In Friendship's Wonderland you may
Have joy unspeakable with ease:
Make friends of those who come your way--
There you have the door's magic keys!

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#115

The Echo

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

VOL. II, NO. VII

DEC.-'44

ISSUE XIX

The Hungry Hunter

By REGINA NEVILLE TAYLOR

Lone Jack, Missouri

We have an old hunting hound on our farm.
He has a name; it's Lemcn for his spots.
Lem barks every little while to keep me from
harm,
But that's all he's good for, except to eat lots.
You see, Lem was hurt when he was a gay dog;
His foot is cut off---no more can he run.
So he just limps around and sleeps like a log;
And I know then Lem's dreaming of a world of
dog-fun.

WRITERS!

The Manuscript Bureau still needs a large
number of good manuscripts of all kinds. "Are
you doing your part?"

THE POSTLE

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THE LIBRARY OF

CONGRESS

SERIAL RECORD

#116

Issued every once in a while
the ADPA of Edwin Schwaner
Route Four, Cullman, Alabama

JUN 28 1945

VOL. 1 No. 2 MAY 1945

WFT

Ray ... suggests that I
print an article on publishing ...
with ... article ... send in
... not ...

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JUN 28 1945

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Editor's Wastebasket

VOLUME TWO

MARCH 1945

NUMBER FOUR

AJAY-ICALLY SPEAKING....

TO ENJOY A FULL membership in the AAPA, or any ajay hobby association, is to be active in all four classifications; writing, editing, printing and publishing. To do all four things economically is indeed just as much fun, if not more, than to do them with a high-powered press, a fancy leather-covered paper and a college education. As in all other "middle-class" activities, when one has to work for and watch his pennies, nearly always, a fuller sense of pleasure is achieved.

So far I've done them all at a very nominal cost. I've had introductions, articles, poems, etc. printed in other members' publications for nothing except a few postage stamps.

Next comes recognition; when you write a few "prominent" ajayers you're sure to get a good welcome. Everyone of them were helpful

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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

#117

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SERIAL RECORDS
JUN 28 1945

The Echo

#118

VOL. II, NO. VIII

JAN. 45

ISSUE XXX

CREDENTIAL—

"Only A Few Words"

By JAMES C. COLE

388 Peachtree Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

HAVE you ever stopped to think how important only a few words sometime are? A jury's verdict, for instance. If it is GUILTY, that's one thing, and if it is NOT GUILTY, 'tis quite another.

The effect of just a few words can mean the beginning or ending of a beautiful friendship. A few words will determine whether you do or don't get that position you want.

Only a few well chosen words are used to compose a beautiful song or a touching poem. A few words can become a powerful law, a binding contract, or be in the form of a joke that will split one's sides with laughter. They may hold the secrets of formulas for great riches.

(Continued on page 4)

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THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

JAN 22 1945

The Echo

VOL. II, NO. VIII

JAN. 45

ISSUE XX

CREDENTIAL—

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(Continued on page 4)

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The Echo

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#120

Vol. 2, No. 9

Feb.-'46 JUN 28 1946 ISSUE 21

Letters

BY
NORMAN
QUILLMAN

Letters are fascinating!
Unpretentious envelopes
Conceal a world of surprise,
Of mystery, fears and hopes.

In cloak of linen or wove,
May lie simple tragedy,
News of Death's sudden visit,
Or a bit of comedy.

Perhaps a trail of romance,
Or a maze of adventure,
May lurk in their written lines,
Telling of someone's pleasure.

Feeble hands on some are shown,
And some with a youthful touch;
But no matter which they bear,
Letters always mean so much.

The Eternal feminine

"In War, Women Too Must Do Their Part"

Volume I

Ridgefield Park, N. J. March 1945

Number 2

MY PUNCTUATION

If there's ever intent to write,
Try and think up something bright.
Make sure it can none offend—
For on that your acclaim will depend.

Poor me! With stylus on page,
Wrote a Boston Convention's phase.
Described only what I saw there,
Now a few start tearing their hair.

They think my outlook was blind,
For no Period I.I my thoughts could find;
A Comma I,I is called missing too!
While a Dash I—I obstructed my view.

There are things after a Colon I:I they say,
But prudence best call this a day—
For in their Quotations I" "I you see,—
There was only sly gunning for me.

—Helen Crane Heins

"Ne Quid Nimis"



HE above free verse whirled off my pen, after reading Edna Hyde McDonald's tribute to me in the recent *Feather Duster*, in which she adroitly dusted off my poor attempt, to inflict my Boston Convention impressions on an indulgent amateur fraternity. Since the punctuation thereof and the ability of my spouse seems implied, that he could have been my "ghost writer." I here and now—on Charley's refusal to protect me,—take up an reluctant but purely defensive cudgel.

It is Burton Crane's criticism you are quoting Edna, when you mention Charley's laxity of punctuation. No doubt a topic of discussion at one of the luncheon dates. For Burton knows my husband never writes his amateur stuff, but sets his thoughts right up in type. And generally is too lazy to space back for a fugitive comma or other omissions that elude him.

I wrote George Julian Houtain—the flatterer, on calling me: "Entirely too sweet a woman to name him 'Ruthless, etc.' and that Charley Heins must have stuck this in, when he set up the paper," that I meant every word. Furthermore that Charley (the timid soul) has nothing to do with my writing, or my paper.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE)

The Eternal feminine

"In Peace or War, Women Too Must Do Their Part"

Volume II Ridgefield Park, N. J. September 1945 Number 1

The Joyous Joint Alumni and United Banquet

By HELEN CRANE HEINS



I'M DESPERATELY trying to index 13 year old Neal R. Peirce. From the first moment he rushed into the arms of Willametta Turney-seed as she entered the Adelphia Hotel lobby; to the hilarious phone call he made to excoriate Joe Grosso, who on a plea of a date, couldn't come over pronto to deliver the United's Proxy Ballots. (But did from the 'dressing-down' young Neal shrilled over the phone.) To an episode of quick resourcefulness, when in the midst of his dinner in the Restaurant, he suddenly realized he was without funds. He quietly arose, dialed his father, told of his predicament and ordered five dollars be sent by phone to the Manager. Calmly finished his meal, accepted the "Five" that on his father's description of him singled him out like a plummet, and with a flourish paid his score. Which anyone of us would gladly have done, had we known what the commotion around us was all about. Then at the Banquet when called on, held forth without a whimper; and later at Midnight without a rehearsal, with a spot-light on the Tableau in a darkened room, like a seasoned trooper portraying Greenfield of fifty years ago.

I met Ira Reely the first Secretary of the United—and the find of the year. Willis Edwin Hurd the "fair" Weather man. Anthony DeMarco, shrewd Politician. Genial Charley Russell who took such interest. Ulysses Walsh the Wax Works guy and Herbert Stratton one of the oldest but all there. All for the first time becoming known to me. Also Fred Benzing well met, again. All these I hereby salute with the hope to enjoy their company some more. Men like you to me seem evenly balanced, assured of yourself, with disposition and temperament my husband shares. (Don't tell him that!)—You all have something akin, or you would not care to meet each other.

At the Benjamin Franklin Memorial Library where Honorary Member Walter A. E. Pertuch showed us so much courtesy, with everything of the Edwin Hadley Smith Collection on special display. Where everyone looked up their own papers or former 'brain children' to show everyone else. Some even giving repeat performances—showing me the same thing no less than three times, and I kept saying: "How wonderful!" Nita Gerner Smith stood aloof with elation shining from her face. "If Edwin Hadley could only see this!" she articulated; as a foil to her own satisfaction and self sacrificing toil. Librarian Pertuch who eloquently at the Banquet praised this great collection and the life work of its creator, that so few measure to its true value,—so few sign the book of visit registration, especially those living in Philadelphia;—then guided us from the Library, through the maze of mechanical wonders of the Museum, to the vast Hall, where the massive statue of Benjamin Franklin forever will symbolize great achievements.

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VOLUME 25. 1944-5 NUMBER 7.

Cooperation

By Arthur Hobart Robinson

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME 24.

In all your dealings seek out Cooperators and YOU will SUCCEED.

Seek not your own welfare alone, for lonely is the lone road of personal greed, but glorious is the road of COOPERATION, where each is easing the burden of the other and ALL are working according to their abilities - the strong are helping the weak - the able-bodied are supporting the disabled, aged and sick - there is work for all workers - there is no want - there is greater progress for Science, Education, Inventions and the General Welfare of Humanity.

He and she that writes for the Public Welfare is blest indeed, for they are working for the Kingdom of God on Earth, as IT is in Heaven. Cooperation is the Kingdom of God and Heaven for ALL of US. COME IN, for YOU are WELCOME. Seek no further, this is the DOOR, the WAY and the PLACE for the satisfaction to all MANKIND. YOU are now in COOPERATION, where YOU will receive full value for your efforts and produce for use - not for profit.

He or she that seeks personal gain seeks destruction, while he or she that seeks gain for ALL shall gain LIFE everlasting. Be a Cooperator and not a Privateer. A Privateer is for one's self only. A Cooperator is for ALL the Peo-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.

Have You Brains?

Then help Our returned and returning Military Men, Women and others to overthrow Our Private Banking System, so THEY will not have to be peddlers, unemployed bums and so on, who have got in vain. Help US set up a Public Banking System in the United States for the benefit of all the People and which cannot be used for the benefit of a privileged few.

Awake! People of the World and set up a World Public Banking System free from private exploitation. All depends on YOU. Use your Brains for your benefit and not for the benefit of those, who exploit YOU.

Contact Arthur H. Robinson, 2nd National Vice Chairman, Washington State Chairman and in charge of Washington State Headquarters of the GREENBACK PARTY, 6536 Ravenna Avenue NE., Seattle 5, Washington. Stamp appreciated and full information will be sent to you, on how you can help yourself and get the job you want.

There is not and never will be any Freedom for the General Public, whether WE have a Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Communist, or any other Party in Power and Control of Our Government and same allows the Private Banking System to remain. Therefore there is only ONE PARTY for YOU and that is the GREENBACK PARTY, which was founded in 1874 and reorganized in 1918 - IT is the only

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.

The Eternal feminine

"In Peace or War, Women Too Must Do Their Part"

Volume III Ridgefield Park, N. J. August 1946 Number 1

A Joyous Look-See at the National Banquet

By HELEN CRANE HEINS

THIS is a frank confession, supposed to be good for the soul; on the sins of my omission of promised Amateur activity. Many excuses can be reared up for this, the most glib: "The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak." Heigh ho! (Away we go!) There'll be Convention days. Until unannounced holiday guests arrived on our place at Pine Bush, N. Y. "We arranged to surprise you Helen, (the dope!) Of course you won't mind—with three houses and all!" etc., and more soft soap. Its so easy to acquire this kind of a rep. That fails to wash dishes, with sympathetic lisp: "If only this or that had not been planned, you know how we love to help you,—you poor thing!" And so ad lib.

"Throw them out! Be good to stay on their own! Sneak out, and meet me at the Robert Treat Hotel," shrilled the phone from angry Charley Heins, who back from Canada found a Ridgefield Park empty home. "Come up and help me do it!" I implored, but a cruel voice harshly bade me assert myself. So with an "Only to the A & P in the village girls, for some baking soda. (This was the run-out powder.) Hopped a bus; and believe me or not, belatedly I am here at Newark, sans hat, fine raiments and with only petty cash.

Yes, I missed all three day Convention sessions. But sat in the hotel rotunda and chuckled to think on the dilemma of my house guests, when the grocer boy handed my scrawl on a paper bag: "So sorry I had to leave, fend for yourself!" Thinking on my contrite return to find all grass and weeds eaten away. With these honeyed thoughts the bees soon flocked around me. First came Edward H. Cole, and in rapid order Pearl Merrit Morton, Charles A. Shattuck and charming wife, Alice Cosine and for measure complete Alburts M. Adams. So flanked I faced my wandering "Am I boss, or not?" (Nay! Checkmate with body-guard!)

There I heard the arrival from Tokyo of Irving Whitlemore Jr. with greetings of Burton Crane and Sheldon Wesson, especially to Helen Wesson the wife. Reports are varied. She either kissed this bringer of good news, or embraced him, up front where he spoke, I would have done that also I—they say he was a likable chap. Who this day was discharged from the army, was to marry his girl and away on a honeymoon to New Hampshire. My, what a day! No wonder he balked at the free banquet invite for the bride and self.

Then came the sordid tale of a hat. How Paul my youngest son had purloined his father's Panama hat. Leaving his own as hostage. This worn to the Convention had been deftly exchanged with a \$1.29 "cluck" that rightly Paul refused to give up for the borrowed Panama. So to the wearer of the missing head-piece by voodoo I shall change it to a crown of thorns, in absentia sticking pins in the cheap heirloom left us. (May the devil take care of his own!)

There is more of course I heard, as an audience around me spared with their wits; from which I was rudely yanked by Pearl, who whispered, she had picked a table next to the speaker's rostrum, by open windows, where from reflected great-

APR 1927 #126

The Elector

Au Exponent of Clean and Active Politics in the National Amateur Press Association

VOL. 3

RIDGEFIED PARK, MAY 1948

NO. 1

...A CALL...

Charles A. Shattuck, Official Editor
Harold D. Ellis, Mgr. Mss. Bureau
FELLOW AMATEURS:—

The undersigned members of the National Amateur Press Association, deeply devoted to its interest have marked with approval and admiration, both your records of faithful and distinguished service in Amateur Journalism. The higher offices in our association require the earnest and loyal service of our best and ablest members. They represent both honorable recognition of duties hitherto well performed, as well as the imposition of new and larger responsibilities.

Under these circumstances, therefore, in behalf of our common cause and in the name of our association, we the undersigned, tender you

CHARLES A. SHATTUCK

the Nomination for President of the
National Amateur Press Association;

And you HAROLD D. ELLIS

the Nomination for its Official Editor.

By this we call on you both to give fresh proof of your unswerving loyalty to Amateur Journalism by accepting our invitation and allow us to lay your names before the Amateurs of the country as Candidates for these two exalted offices.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

—CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE—
CHAS. W. HEINS, Chairman
EDNA HYDE McDONALD

ROBERT CARRIER
ROY LINDBERG

Ex-Presidents—Chas. W. Heins, Willametta Keffer, *Sesta T. Mathelson, George W. Macauley, Clyde G. Townsend, Robert Telschow, Walter F. Zahn,

Members:—Ray A. Albert, Haig Anlian, H. Dean Aubrey, Luella H. Beldea, E. Bart Beatty, Ellen A. Bittenworth, Irwin O. Brandt, W. R. Brace, Alison Brubaker, Walter E. Burton, Earnest A. Dench,

David W. Cade, John R. Castleman, Jr. Eula Christian, Eva Jane Clevenger Earle Cornwall, Anthony DeMarco, Eunice McKee Fontenot, Walter S. Goff, Leo Goldberger, Daniel Gordon, Olive Grimes, William H. Groveman, Olive Teugels

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Mrs. G. W. Macauley, Isaac Magnes, T. G. Mauritzen, W. E. Mellinger, Guy Miller, W. Emory Moore, Marvin H. Neel, Clyde F. Noel, Roger W. Norman, Neal Peirce, Jessie L. Perro, Ernest M. Pittaro, Wesley H. Porter, Norman Quillman.

Alexir J. Rosbrook, Warren S. Rosenberger, John B. Schlarb (Rev.) John L. Shear, Nita Gerner Smith, Robert L. Smith, Ora E. Stark, Thomas B. Whitbread, Louis C. Wills, John K. Wilson, J. B. Winton-Le Compte, Ulysses Walsh, C. W. Wood, Clifford W. Russell, Alexander Zimmerman

Also 18 members who in letters subscribed their consent, but withheld permission to print signatures. These duly being submitted to the Candidates.

* Present incumbent.

The Elector

An Exponent of Clean and Active Politics in the National Amateur Press Association

VOL. III

RIDGEFIED PARK, JUNE 1948

NO. 2

CHARLES A. SHATTUCK—A Short Biography

IN the November 1946, THE PHOENIX we wrote as the third issue of *The Amateur Scribe* appeared; on which a current critic had succinctly diagnosed Charles A. Shattuck, as having bowled over the Amateur fraternity, in the continued resumption of his magazine. "That here were 28 beautiful imprinted pages, brimful of worthwhile contributions, that proved the varied and discriminating taste of its editor-publisher who himself wielded therein, a skilful and forceful pen."

Since then, if possible, this Amateur has added to his many laurels. For consistently since 1913 when Shattuck first joined the National, he has been a 'Doer and not just a Sayer.' Making of his Amateur affiliation, something to be accomplished.

From 'Who's Who' published by the United Alumni, we glean that Shattuck was born July 4, 1896, married and has no children. He is a member of the National, Fossils, United, its Alumni and the British A. P. A. Has many AJ and professional contribs to his credit. Is a Lino-

operator, who formerly ran a composition house. As an ITU member has been on many important commitments, on N. Y. Big 6, Typographical Union. Now with the "New York Mirror." Served in France in World War I, and (but you know) is the editor of the

National Amateur.

That lapses occurred in his membership, he attributes to former officials who overlook the 'regulars' who require a jolt when their interest lags. A phase that will get better attention, if ever he gets the power to look after this. His tenure of record being: Joined in 1913, beyond 1918 to 1931 and 1945 to date. Much water has flown over the dam since Shattuck first issued "The Trooper" in '12 to be followed by "M. O. Chat," "Manhattan" "Line o' Talk," and his present "Scrap Book" and "Scribe."



CHARLES A. SHATTUCK

Amateurs who may disregard the slogan: "Tell me what a man has done and I'll tell, what he is able to do," have only to consult the Official Organ under his editorship, to realize what is being done. Just as those that come in contact with Shattuck personally, know that if elected

"In Peace or War, Women Too Must Do Their Part"

Memor fidelis U. A. P. A. Et Alumni



Our historic trip per chartered bus will linger in the memory of those who were with its guests. Being Sunday morning, the Edgar Allen Poe Cottage was opened especially for them, and the gates at Sunny Side for the restored car. Here the highly visible groups from Washington arrived, mostly under the bus. Our bus being caught in a maelstrom, where a thousand cops prepared for the Robeson rally a radical gathering near Peekskill, where riots had already occurred, was routed by motor police away from Sing Sing prison. The bus was then directed to the State Capitol's electric chair—as warning for our future good behavior. We duly paid our respect to the Roosevelt shrine at Hyde Park, inspected its edifices and the marble grave amidst a huge crowd. Here Harold Pratt suddenly appeared, and I was startled to find him in the newspaper, and missed the Bus. (Funny how in time-clubbing so many did it!) He fran-

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#129

The Evening Star

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Richmond, Ky. -:- -:- -:- Summer, 1949

A Beautiful Home

Just a little while to linger,
Then from trouble He will set me free
And I will reach the bright tomorrow
In that home that was built for me.

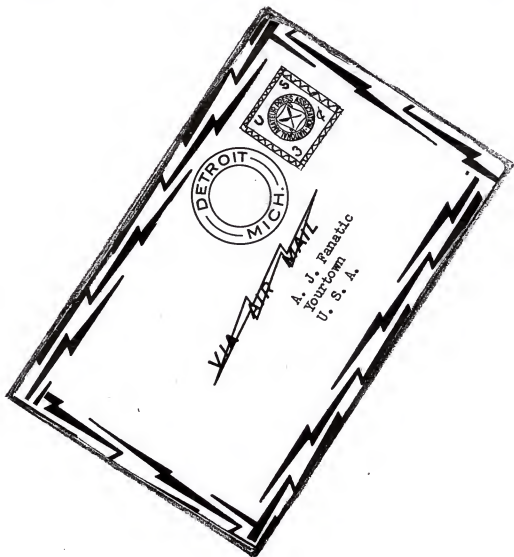
Why do I want to linger
When I know I can be free?
Then I can live with my love ones
In that home for me.

When I go on to meet my mother,
And her face once more I can see;
Then we can live together
In that home that was built for me.

—Macie M. Neeley
Berea, Kentucky

X-PN 4827 #130

EPISTLE





THE EPIGRAM



#131

Published for the United Amateur Press Association by

Andy Rosenbaum
1305 Ingraham Street
Los Angeles 17, Cal.

Number One
December
1950

When I received a letter from my good old pal (pen) Belle Mooney, inviting me to become a member of the U A P A, I thought, thanks, Belle, but as I belong to more organizations than I can attend; am on the Board of two of the largest active writers groups in the West and receive more papers, magazines of all kinds and other forms of literature than I can possibly read, guess I'll just pass it by.

Then, when I received and read your Bundle, considered the setup, background and method of operation of the U A P A was impressed that here is something that's entirely different from other groups of writers; that this organization can draw its membership from all over America - that "the sky's the limit", decided I'd like very much to become a member.

This organization can double its membership within one year; by the end of 1955 the membership can be increased to 5000, and become the largest, most useful and most sought-after group of writers - amateur or professional - in all our broad land. All these things can be accomplished, provided you and I determine to make them so - and then all do something about it.

GIVING AND RECEIVING

If you give to the world the best you have -
In the nature of things it's true -
Your life will be happier, more complete,
And the best will come back to you.

SELECTIONS FROM ANDY'S EPIGRAMS

THE SAME

The same draft that blows out a match
Can make the flame grow brighter;
The same tongue that says nasty things
Could make sad hearts grow lighter.

NEVER SATISFIED

When men get everything they want,
I've noticed more and more,
They're far from satisfied and want
More than they did before.

The stately, spreading chestnut tree
Was once a nut---like you and me.

USELESS WORRY

It does no good to worry
And often causes sorrow;
Too late to fret for yesterday--
Too early for tomorrow.

A BOSTON BULL

He told his dog to go lay down--
It made no move to obey.
But when he said "go lie down!"
It did so right away.

No one who really loves anyone
or anything can be wholly bad.

X-PN TOL

#132

The Ellisonian ECHOES.

VOL. I

NOVEMBER, 1950

No. 2



SYMPATHY

"The only true knowledge of our fellowman is that which enables us to feel with him — which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion."

—George Eliot.

MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

WM. WALLACE ELLIS, EDITOR
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#133

The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL. I

DECEMBER, 1950

No. 3



CONFSSION OF FAITH

"I belong to the Great Church which holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul."

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

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The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL. I

JANUARY, 1951

No. 4



A RESOLUTION

"I expect to pass through life but once.
If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show,
or any good thing I can do to any fellow-being,
let me do it now, and not defer or neglect it,
for I shall not pass this way again."

-Wm. Penn.

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#135

The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL. I

MAY, 1951

No. 8



CHARITY

"The devil loves nothing better than the intolerance of reformers, and dreads nothing so much as their charity and patience."

—James Russel Lowell.

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X-PN 4821

#136

The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL. 2

OCTOBER, 1951

No. 1



"Poetry is not made out of the understanding. Common sense always questions: "What is it good for?" a question which would abolish the rose while treasuring the cabbage!"

— James Russel Lowell.

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FINDLAY, OHIO, U.S.A.

X-PN 4827

#137



NAPA

Issue

Vol. 2 No. 1

Rushville, Illinois

March 1961

WHY

This issue of *EBB* is a partial payment to NAPA for value received. Specifically, Alf Babcock was the salesman! *Alf's Cat* No. 57, swaggering around at an AAPA convention, led me to believe that there were more delights beyond the NAPA fence than could be visited in nine lifetimes.

Some months ago I let my NAPA membership lapse and I was immediately informed from Various Quarters that certain NAPA journals would cease to brighten my mail if I did not reenter the fold. Upon sneaking back to my former aloof perch, I received some mss. from the Duke of Cornwall. Seezee, "Publish these for dear old NAPA...."

I have selected some superb lines by Carla Patsuris and to them have added a short short by an old acquaintance. Poetry and fiction delight me; I publish these as a vicarious expression because I cannot write in either field. Alas, I fear that even these few words may betray my literary ineptitude.

I await your reactions in fear and trembling!

E. Bart Beatty
123 E. Clinton St.
Rushville, Ill.

SEP 1952

#138



The Ellisonian
ECHOES

VOL. 2

APRIL, 1952

No. 7

X-PN 4927

#139

The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL. 2

JUNE, 1952

No. 9



MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

WM. WALLACE ELLIS, EDITOR
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X-PN 4827

#140



The Ellisonian
ECHOES

2-18 1927

#141

The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL. 2

AUGUST, 1952

No. 11

WHAT AND WHY

"Echoes" is my name, and I
Am simply that; for to deny
My innate nature and intent
Would brand me traitor. I am meant
To be a voice articulate
For my creator; and abate,
Wherever possible, the wrong
My author would undo with song.

I am from him a worded shaft
Sped from his bow of thought with craft
And fearless ardor to destroy
Impatient dragons which annoy
Or dare affront unthinking man -
Such is the purpose for my plan:
I am but "echoes" from his heart,
New wealth for living to impart.

-W.W.E.

MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

WM. WALLACE ELLIS, EDITOR

315 CLINTON STREET.

FINDLAY, OHIO. U.S.A.

X-PN 7027

#142

The Ellisonian **ECHOES**

VOL. 2

SEPTEMBER, 1952

No. 12



LOVE

"Love is a canvas furnished
by Nature and embroidered by im-
agination."

—Voltaire.

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FINDLAY, OHIO, U.S.A.

#143

The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL 3

OCTOBER, 1952

No. 1



WOMEN

"Next to God, we are indebted to women:
first, for life itself; and then for making it
worth having."
—Bovee.

MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

WM. WALLACE ELLIS, EDITOR
315 CLINTON STREET.

FINDLAY, OHIO, U.S.A.

EDITORIAL GUIDANCE BUREAU BULLETIN

NUMBER 2

AUGUST 1952

#144

AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR even writers are all wrapped up in vacation plans, in delightful anticipation of wide sands where gulls wheel above pluming breakers, of sheltered inland fields blossoming with wild-flowers, of old trails and new, of the blessed surcease of shucking routine like a worn-out skin and emerging brave and blissful and adventurous, like a newly-created butterfly, for even a short time. For this reason, we'll try to be entertaining and instructive in this Bulletin, and not tax you overmuch.

WRITERS MUST WRITE!—This, one would think, should be obvious. But it's a strange thing among amateurs, this sure belief that a smidgin of talent and a haphazard toying with words occasionally will one day result in fame and fortune. Believe me, hard, unrelenting w-o-r-k is the only way to even glimpse that royal road! Which all leads up to the results of our contest.

CONTEST RESULTS - An autographed copy of my book of poetry, "Drumbeats Through Your Dreams" goes to M. Kathleen Haley of Millville, N.J., for her entry, "I Want an Answer", manuscript of which has been forwarded to the Manuscript Bureau as per contest regulations. A second copy of my book was sent to G. Wallace Tibbetts, Wellesley Hills 62, Mass., for his story, "A Sea Turn", which was also sent to the Manuscript Bureau. I am sorry that the other contestants did not quite measure up in quality; but please do not be discouraged. There will be other contests; and I sincerely hope, from such a large membership, that we'll have a much better response next time! Also, when U.S. members send me stamped, self-addressed envelopes for the return of copy, please remember that I must use Canadian postage when mailing from this country. If you are unable to obtain Canadian postal stamps, send me U.S. stamps, loose, and I'll use them when sending material to the United States, and affix Canadian stamps to your return envelope.

QUESTIONS 'N ANSWERS - Believe it or not, from a membership of 350, I received one solitary question during the entire month! This member said, "What's wrong with my last paper?" or words to that effect. I wrote him a personal letter. But what I want to know is: "what's wrong with the rest of you? Don't you like the idea of the Bulletin? Don't you enjoy intelligent discussion of our craft? Don't you relish exchanging ideas, talking over problems?" Frankly, I thought this Department would be very popular. We'll try it for another issue or two, and then if you're just not interested, we'll drop it. Questions may be about anything related to writing, and will be accompanied by the aforementioned stamp, with a self-addressed envelope.

EMOTIONAL WRITING - You pick your main character; give him or her a name and a problem; clearly decide in your own mind what obstacles and hindrances are going to occur, and what the solution is to be. Then, when you are quite sure w-h-a-t you are going to write, you concentrate on writing it. Use vivid, descriptive words. Get inside your character's skin, as it were. Be that person. Put a little of your heart's-blood in-

X-PN 482



"O give thanks unto the Lord" PSALM 136

Ellisonian Echoes

X-PV 4827

FROM THE
Manse of the Muses

#145

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#146

THE WEST COAST EDITION OF
EAST COAST EARBENDER

SOFT

GIFT



Tom Erhard
W. Hempstead, N. Y.

X-PN 4827



True
Christmas
Cheer

#147



I sometimes wonder, when I hear
How people talk of Christmas' cheer,
Just what is meant; for oft to me
It seems they miss its jollity.
In stores they shuttle after gifts
To give their friends; and often rifts
Are caused, because some one receives
An unappreciated box, and grieves
To think a friend would treat them so,
And sometimes ugly dispositions show.
Quite often competition reigns
And Moderation's voice distains;
For, oh, how many go in debt
Some worthless bauble for a friend to get,
Another's present to excell,
So cynic lips will praise them well!
How many rise on Christmas morn,
Unmindful of the Christ-child born;
Unthankful to the God Who gave
His choicest gift, mankind to save.
They little know the meaning of
Those angels' words of peace and love;
For they are eager and intent
To see just what their friends have sent
To them upon this Christmas day:-
What cards they got, and what they say!
All thought is of themselves; and then
They're fussy as an old wet hen
Because they have not what they thought
Their friends should've surely for them bought.
Then, some find Christmas in a bottle
Of alcohol, nor can they throttle
Wild passion's urge to, Christmas day,
Man's basest elements display.

Here Is A Man.

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty, and then for three years He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never put His feet inside a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away . . . one of them denied Him. He was sold to His enemies by a supposed friend for the price of a common slave. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property that He had on earth, while He was dying, and that was His coat.

When He was dead, He was taken down and laid in a borrowed tomb, through the pity of friends. Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and yet today He is still the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of humanity.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings and dictators that ever reigned put together, have not affected the life of men, women, and children upon this earth as has that One Solitary Life.

--Author Unknown.

COMPLIMENTS OF ELLIS BIBLE CHAUTAUQUA.



The Star Spangled Banner

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

Refrain.

'Tis the star-spangled banner, Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

-Francis Scott Key.

Compliments of Ellis Bible Chautauqua

The Old Violin!

#150

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.
"What am I bidden, good folks?" he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar - now two, only two -
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?"

"Three dollars once, three dollars twice,
Going for three!" - but no!
From the room far back a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening up all the strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet,-
As sweet as an angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"
As he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand dollars - and who'll make it two?
Two thousand - and who'll make it three?
Three thousand once, and three twice -
And going, and gone!" said he.

Thus, many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and worn with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul, and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.

-Author unknown.

ELLIS BIBLE CHAUTAUQUA

CAMPAIGN SONG SHEET No. 1.

- *Ellis* -
BIBLE CHAUTAUQUA

"THE GREAT
JUDGMENT MORNING"



Wm. Wallace Ellis,
Author, Evangelist.

"All one's life is music, if one
touches the notes rightly and in tune."
- Ruskin.

X-PN 4827

E

#152



**"What Do I Want
for
Christmas?"**

X-PN 4827

~~E~~ E

#153

The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL. 2

FEBRUARY, 1952

No. 5



MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

WM. WALLACE ELLIS, EDITOR

315 CLINTON STREET.

FINDLAY, OHIO, U.S.A.

The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL. 2

MARCH, 1952

No. 6



FRIENDSHIP

"A friend is one to whom we may pour out the contents of our hearts, chaff and grain together, knowing that the gentlest of hands will sift it, keep what is worth keeping, and with a breath of kindness blow the rest away."

—An Arabian Definition.

MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

WM. WALLACE ELLIS, EDITOR

315 CLINTON STREET.

FINDLAY, OHIO. U.S.A.

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E

The Ellisonian ECHOES

VOL. 2

MAY, 1952

No. 8



ATTENTION

"Suicide is a challenging problem which merits greater attention from the agencies and institutions concerned with life conservation and human welfare."

—Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

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APR 4027
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#156



Seasons
Greetings

The Ellisonian
ECHOES

EDITORIAL GUIDANCE BUREAU B-U-L-L-E-T-I-N

DECEMBER 1952

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION EXCLUSIVELY"

 Edited by MARIE HAND, AKRON, INDIANA

Christmas Greetings and God bless every one of you nice people!
 Helen and Marie.

SACRED NIGHT.



If I had been a tiny lamb
 The shepherds brought to the manger bed
 My timid heart would have gladdened
 If His wee hand had touched my head.

Yet Christmas blesses me far more
 Than any who were there that night
 When Christ was born, for every day
 I walk in Holy Christmas Light.

Marie Hand.

What? No problems? I have had one query only. I had the privilege of reading one good story with possibilities.

I suggested markets and hope it may find its way into print.

May Helen and I see more of your work? That is the point of the Bureau - that we may aid you in any way possible.

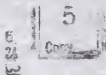
ABOUT EDITORS-Mostly.

If you are the average amateur, you can write a long list of gripes about editors and possibly be justified in your attitude.

But I sometimes wonder what the editors think of us!

I have a friend, an elderly lady, who fills or kills (choose your own verb) time making little verses. When she decided to try the editors, she was dismayed when I told her she must send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with her manuscript. Her naivette is reflected by the failure of writers to do just that. Editors have economic problems the same as we do. But even though you are not interested in

#158



X-PN 4827
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EQUIPAGE

A U.A.P.A. Publication

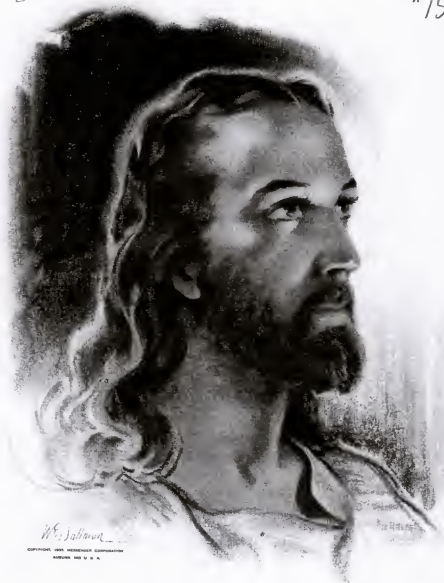


THE THOR MAURITZEN CHAPTER
Los Angeles, California

X-PN 4927

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#159



The Ellisonian
ECHOES

X-PN 4827

#160



The Ellisionian
ECHOES

MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

VOL. 3

MAY, 1953

No. 8



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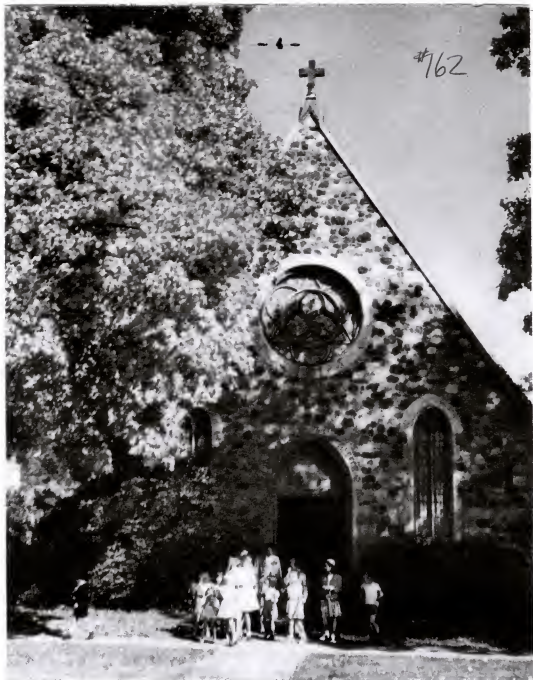
#161



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE
Manse of the Muses





ELLISONIAN ECHOES

X-PN 4827
E

FROM THE

Manse of the Muses

5 OCT 1908

X-PN 4827

E

#163



It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord....

PSALM 92:1



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

Manse of the Muses

#164



X-PN4827

E

ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

EDITORIAL GUIDANCE BUREAU BULLETIN

HELEN E. MIDDLETON, EDITOR
317 ELMCROFT STREET,
SARASOTA, ONTARIO, CANADA

JUNE 1953

MARIE HAND, CO-EDITOR
ARROW, INDIANA, U.S.A.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION

And so we, like all others who have served you as best they could, come to the end of another year in the Editorial Guidance Bureau. During that time we have given counsel, criticism and praise according to the knowledge and wisdom we possess. We like to think that the membership as a whole has enjoyed and appreciated the services offered by the Bureau, and that the years to come may see such a Bureau continued in the United, albeit under the chairmanship of others.

As this may be our farewell, since the Convention will doubtless bring forth other arrangements, we should like to thank those of you who took the trouble to write to us during our term of office, special gratitude to those of you who were helpful and kind, and may we suggest that the rest of you make an effort in the coming year to add your contribution to the Bureau's purpose by entering contests, complying with requests, and writing to say whether or not you like the current undertakings.

Unfortunately, during our period of duty, cooperation has not been too conspicuous. For instance, in the last Bulletin I asked for letters telling how ideas for poems, fiction, etc. were arrived at and worked out. Strange as it may seem, out of a membership of at least 350, ONE solitary person complied!

From a two-page treatise by Wm. Wallace Ellis I have condensed these thoughts for you. Everyone is quite true! "Since people are the greatest folk on earth. . . are more interested in themselves than in anything else. . . I write my poems about them and their problems. I must study them, in order to understand what I am writing about. They do not care about me...therefore, if what I write is to be sympathetically read by them, I shall have to write about them and their problems. . . Study them all, but remember to see them as they are, not as you are. Learn to see things through the other fellow's eyes, from his perspective, in the light of his beliefs, according to his understanding of joy and grief. Then, and only then, will you write poetry worthy of the name and which will be welcomed and gladly read and remembered by your fellowmen."

Our membership consists of writers--people who are capturing dreams in the web of words daily; and don't you think more might have shared their methods? Ah, well. . .

I hope you have a wonderful Convention; that good fellowship and congenial ideas are the order of the day; and that you return to your homes refreshed and ready for another year's participation in the activities of the United. I commend to you whatever officers you elect, and ask that you give to them the support and cooperation you meant to give to us.

Helen E. Middleton

X-PN 4827

E

#166



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"





ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

#169

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

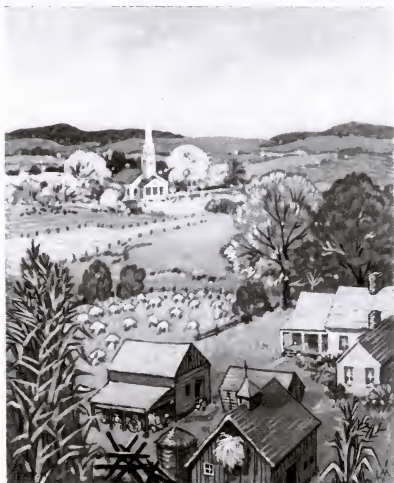
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WM. W. ELLIS, EDITOR

315 CLINTON STREET.

FINDLAY, OHIO. U.S.A.

#170



5 OCT 29

1954

ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

WM. W. ELLIS, EDITOR

315 CLINTON STREET.

FINDLAY, OHIO. U.S.A.

X-PN 4827

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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

#171

X-PN 4827

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FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

Copy-----1934



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

X-P.N4827. #173



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE
"Manse of the Muses"



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

5 - JUN 2 -

Copy

1955

#175



FIFTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

X-PN 482 7
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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

#176



X-PN4827

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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

DEC 28
Copy
1955

MEET EMMA

Vol. 1

X-PN4827

DO NOT LET ANY ONE TELL YOU my poem, "Witches' Brew", was written to be entertaining. Do not use it to slander anyone. Thank you!

A. J. J. J. J.

5 - JUN 2 -
Copy 1955

#178

Her hair was long, her bow bent
but in her twinkling eyes
I saw a spark of youth in bloom,
a bit of paradise.

The crowd of life had left their seats
in farrowed and bare trees.
Her trailing, white were lined and robed
for with a willow's grace.

The road moves her handiaps,
her smile is shining light.
The voices of the ones she loved
fade everything else right.

I see no sign of pathos crossed,
for, though she went away,
her sunny smile, her valiant heart
give strength to me each day.

Now Stewart Jackson, in "Fireside Fancies"

LITEL. 50000

"I'll take a pound of pork chops, sir;
Two pounds of sirloin steak!"
The butcher proudly wraps the meat.
Her seller said, no thanks.
All day there the pork, "meat" she tree
Their game of make-believe.
She buys the meat no scraps from the
with glossy white gloves!

Now you count your copy of "Fireside Fancies" yet? I'm
certain you'll enjoy it! The price is only one dollar
(5 tax in Ohio). There are poems for all occasions and my
picture is on the cover. Order a copy today! Thank!

Vol I No. 1 April '55
Helen C. Smith

The Wisconsin Press

UAPA PUBLICATION
Dorothy C. Schrader

WRITING IS A HAPPY EXPERIENCE -
warm and vibrant, full of feeling,
color, sound, odor, longing, re-
surgence, satisfaction, wish.
It is you, and stems from happen-
ings only you experience. You
are urged merely to be yourself!

TODAY the world is filled with
ordinary persons who have exper-
ienced extraordinary things, and
many of them will write books on
what they see and feel.

WILL you be one of those
persons?

-oOo-

A STUDY OF LIMERICKS...

The lovable, lyrical limerick
was popularized many years ago
by Edward Lear. The limerick is
a nonsense poem of five anapestic
lines, usually with the rhyme
scheme a a b b a, the first,
second, and fifth lines having 3
stresses, the third and fourth,
2. Here is a likable example:

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could
they do?
Said the flea, "Let us fly!"
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
So they flew thru' a flaw in the
flue.

(You'll love...

The Traveler

A traveler dining on the Sioux
Found quite a large mouse in his
stew.
Said the Porter: "Don't shout!
Stop waving it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one,
too!"

-oOo-

BE SURE TO READ "DOROTHY'S PAGE"
on the reverse side!

THAT FIRST DRAFT

HOLDING the first draft of a
poem in your hand is a wonderful
experience. You go over it, lov-
ingly. You find words here and
there that must come out. You
think up replacements. Yes, it
is work! But, be comforted for
others have had the same problem.
Tennyson would leave a poem un-
finished for days, because in one
line there was a word which did
not satisfy his exacting demands.
When at last he thought of the
right word, he would exclaim, "Ah,
I have it!" Just the words we
say, when we finally "have it!"

-oOo-

CRAB-APPLE BLOOMS

I love little lacy things,
The butterfly's soft fluffy wings
All penciled by an Artist's hand,
With open work and scalloped band.
The dainty ferns that shyly hide
Beneath the shadows deep and wide,
That scarcely will look up to see
The sunlight sifting thru the tree;

Fine silvery webs the spiders weave
Across the porch without your leave,
With ropes spun to nearest tree,
A wondrous work of artistry;
And wild crab-apple blooms so sweet;
My heart is hushed, my joy complete.
Perhaps in heaven God will grow
Crab-apple blooms. I love them so!

-oOo-

WEBSTER may not agree, but "orig-
inality" is simply using words
we know to put across a point
clearly and differently.

-oOo-

HELLO, everybody! I hope you re-
ceived some pleasure from reading
this page. We'll do our best to
"come again" next month. Helen C.
Smith.

800
411
EVANSVILLE ON PARADE

5 - JUN 1955
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4 180

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Vol 1 No. 3 June 1955 Wisconsin Press A UAPA Publication
Helen C. Smith Dorothy C. Schrader
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WRITING IS JUST PLAIN WORK!

A salesman has a selling quota. He sells.... A writer needs a quota, too. The money you make depends on how much and how well you write, so you've got to produce. If you keep up a steady production, you will discover that it's easy to turn out 2000 words a day of "finished" writing, by just keeping at it. Start with a quota of one item a day, and increase the number as you become more proficient. Equally important, having written, get it into the mail! No story ever sold sitting on your desk like a setting hen.

-000-

\$\$ MORE FILLER MARKETS \$\$

The American Home, 444 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N.Y. Household hints, how-to items.

Better Farming, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Anecdotes, jokes, typographical errors, aphorisms.

Better Homes & Gardens, 1716 Locust St., Des Moines, 3, Ia. Recipes, How-to for the home-maker, How-to for the Handyman, How-to for the Home Gardener.

Bluebook, 230 Park Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y., jokes, quizzes, how-to material of interest to men. Contributions for depts: Make it Easy, Worldly Wise, Twist of Fate, Native Wit.

The Christian Science Monitor, 1 Norway St., Boston 15, Mass. Address fillers to Family Features Editor. Anecdotes, quizzes, how-to items, etc.

-000-

There Oughta Be a Law!
Dishes pile up in the sink, a
Things go from bad to worse, b
We dine from cans or else
eat out... c
Mother's writing verse! b
--Lola Myrtle.

Writing that Poem

Begin with something short and easy to write. For example, a quatrain --- a four line poem. Write four lines and you have a quatrain... wait a minute, now! How about the rhyme arrangement? As you read the works of others, you'll note that most four-line poems are rhymed a-b-a-b, or a-a-b-b. And the meters used will be any one kind or combination of meters. To begin with, forget about meter, and concentrate on your rhyming scheme.

No tractor with a cushioned seat,
Nor giant plow turned furrows true;
No milking parlor with atomic heat
Had been visioned by this early crew.
(excerpt from "Wisconsin Pioneer"
by Wilma W. Nelson, Evansville,
Wis. using the rhyme arrangement
a-b-a-b.)

Petunias

Although it is plebeian, prolific,
The humble petunia is terrific;
It will bloom the whole season through
And spread the seeds for next year, too!
(Quatrain by Ruby G. Kuenzli,
Evansville, Wis. with rhyme
arrangement of a-a-b-b.)

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COPY 1955

#181

EVANSVILLE ON PARADE

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 Vol. 1 No. 4 July 1955 Wisconsin Press A UAPA Publication
 Helen C. Smith Dorothy C. Schrader
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My home town.....

EVANSVILLE, WISCONSIN.

X-PN 482 7

, E

There's a little niche in Paradise, called Evansville (Wis.). To be sure, the population barely exceeds 2500 souls, but it is a great little city.

The grass grows greener here, twelve months of the year, than anywhere else in the world. (January, February, and March we keep it covered with a white "cloth", in preparation for the spring unveiling and the Easter dress parade!) Large shade trees extend their branches to form a leafy arch the full length of Main Street. In the north, Lake Leota glistens like a sparkling diamond set in the city. Leonard and Leota Parks beside the Lake provide a pleasant place for water sports, playground activities, and picnics for everybody.

Excellent physical assets alone cannot make a city great. The living, breathing, spirit of the town comes from the efforts of the men who quietly, day after day, work as a team toward creating a better community. It's big business running a small city efficiently. It takes men of courage and ability to do it.

We are lucky! Evansville has a fine Mayor, the Hon. William E. Brown. He knows what he wants done, and industriously sets about the doing of it. We also have a common council composed of Ralph Bennett, President, Arthur Rasmussen, Perry Burnett, L. Prentice Eager, C. Ira Larson, and Norman Bone -- six hard-working, "jaw-breaking", elected officials. They did not run for office in order to lounge in comfortable chairs at council meetings. (The chairs are hard-backed, stiff and straight!) These are men of action; they've been on their toes ever since election day.

Working behind the scenes, yet playing a big part in the operation of the city government, is the City Attorney, Donald F. Gallagher. He has had "a finger in the pie" for some twenty years. During that time, the City's growth toward good municipal government has taken giant strides. The man with a million friends has guided well the city's "Ship of State".

My home town! There is nothing of greater value anywhere than that which exists right here. I'm proud to be a citizen of Evansville, Rock County, Wisconsin.

-oOo-

2-OCT-5

Copy 1955

EVANSVILLE ON PARADE

The
Wisconsin PressA UAPA Publication
Dorothy C. Schrader

Vol. 1 No. 5 Sept. 1955

Helen C. Smith

THE CHALLENGE

Are YOU writing good poetry? Are you satisfied with your work? Would you like to write better poetry?

If you are mature and sincere, know the difference between tinkling verse and authentic poetry, you can master versification and write good poetry. One of the first steps toward this goal is to have a healthy discontent with your past poetic achievements.

Do these three things: (1) Read the best poetry, in the classics, magazines, and newspapers. Read Shakespeare for character delineations; Burns for human sympathy. Read the moderns, who interpret our times and our problems. (2) Study versification, all the principals of writing good verse, and the devices by which great poets produce their effects. (3) Write the best poetry you are capable of creating. You learn by doing. Set to work with courage. Success is bound to follow!

Note:- If you need instruction, the U. of Wisconsin Extension Division, offers a course in versification especially for writers, at a very nominal cost. If you are interested in taking such a course by correspondence, write me and I will forward full details to you. - Helen C. Smith, Evansville, Wisconsin.

MY HOME TOWN - CHICAGO, by guest author, G. Edward Lind, Waukegan.

Rising from the ashes of the great conflagration of 1871, Chicago rose Phenix-like to become the fastest growing city in the world.

My home town happens to be the "crossroads of the world". Why? Because it is situated in the geographical center of the U. S. A. and on the shores of the greatest system of fresh water lakes in the world. It is also in the center of the greatest agricultural region in the world. It is the world's greatest transportation, electronic, packing, and aviation center, with the finest park system and lake front in the world. It is a cultural, medical, art and educational center. Its industry and commerce is world wide. Its economic, industrial, and educational potentialities are unlimited.

With the new exhibition hall on the lake front and the Fort Dearborn project under way, Chicago is going forward to its ultimate destiny --- the world's greatest metropolis. Its motto is "I Will", and where there is a will, there is a way.

#184

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-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo
A UAPA Publication
Dorothy C. Schrader
o-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo

THE LEGEND OF CORN

At last he went to the forest to fast. He built himself a shelter of boughs --- during the day he studied plants and flowers, seeking a solution. By night he gazed up at the stars, exalted, importuning the Great Spirit to help. He ate nothing and hour by hour he became weaker.

On the third day he beheld a vision, so clear that it seemed a visitation. A young man appeared, clad in green, with plumes on his head.

"Come, wrestle with me," he said, "for it is only thus that your prayers can be granted."

The youth wrestled, and although his fast was still unbroken, his strength returned. On four successive days the green-clad stranger came. Four times they wrestled, and four times the youth triumphed. His earthly strength rapidly waned, but his spirit was exalted by victory.

Again the stranger spoke. "Tomorrow, fair youth," said he, "we shall wrestle for the last time, and you shall triumph -- your prayers shall be granted. Your faith shall win. When I fall, strip off my garments and bury me in the soft earth. Now and then, as the weeks go by, strew on more earth and cast aside the choking weeds. When the summer sun is hottest, deliverance shall come to your people."

This came to pass. From the ground shot spears of green; the tall stalks grew and bent their heads with golden corn. Mondamin, the spirit, became the grain.

-ooo-

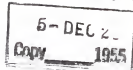
AMATEUR WRITER'S AMBITION

My ambition is to write about
Things that folks will read and
then cut out.

WATCH FOR THE WINNING HUMOR
TALES IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE.
Prizes and publication to
the best ten. DON'T MISS
IT!

E

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#185

EVANSVILLE ON PARADE

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 Vol. I No. 8 Dec. '55 Wisconsin Press A UAPA PUBLICATION.
 Helen C. Smith Dorothy C. Schrader
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MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EACH AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE UAPA!

FIRST CALL TO CHRISTMAS

Come, first call to Christmas!
 There's starlight on the snow,
 And flames of burning yule logs
 Join the candles' soft glow.

See the joy of Christmas!
 The mistletoe and pine,
 Holly wreaths and spruce trees
 Whose lights and tinsel shine.

Hear the song of Christmas!
 The chimes that gaily ring,
 Carols on the frosty air
 That little children sing.

Feel the peace of Christmas!
 The happiness and cheer,
 Love that lights the earth,
 And beckons the new-born year.

--Helen C. Smith.

ADRIAN L. JOHNSTON offers this
 good advice:
IF YOU CANNOT SHOOT DEER, WHY
NOT TRY RABBITS?

"WE were fortunate right from the
 beginning in having both fiction
 and verse accepted. Some were
 sold outright and others brought
 prizes and subscriptions.

THEN we tried the "slicks" and
 our work kept coming back with
 the much despised rejection slips.
 It finally penetrated our brain
 that we might be aiming too high,
 so we dropped back to the smaller
 publications..

WE submitted a letter and four
 poems to one publisher and all
 were accepted and used. To an-
 other we sent a letter with nine
 poems. Not only were they all
 accepted and published, but we re-
 ceived a very courteous letter from

ONE of our members, a gifted
 poet, laughs in verse. Here
 are several humorous poems by
 Arthur L. Fischer of Oshkosh,
 Wisconsin.

I Crave a Boon

Oh, would the Muse the giftie
 gie us
 To write as Robbie did, and
 free us
 From habits old as Father Time;
 The use of hackneyed phrase
 and rhyme.
 Cliches as ancient as the hills,
 Bewhiskered words as meter
 fills.

What I request is not too much;
 Relieve me of my cane and
 crutch.
 Upon my own feet I would stand;
 Here I sit waiting, pen in hand.
 Give me, O Muse, this precious
 gift
 For you know well I need the
 lift.

And So Anaemic Now

Oh, I recall there was a time
 If I but grasped that pen of
 mine,
 When every jingle, every rhyme
 Like well-trained soldiers
 fell in line.

Ah yes! then I was in my prime;
 Wrote sonnets to my Clementine.
 Those days I thought they were
 sublime
 But now, they sound so asinine.

--ALF.

CALLING ALL AMATEUR WRITERS

Calling all amateurs, one
 and all

#187



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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

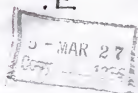
FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

PN4827 #190
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Copy 1956



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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"



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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

#191

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

192



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

X-PN4827

"Manse of the Muses". E



To Thee above our thoughts we raise

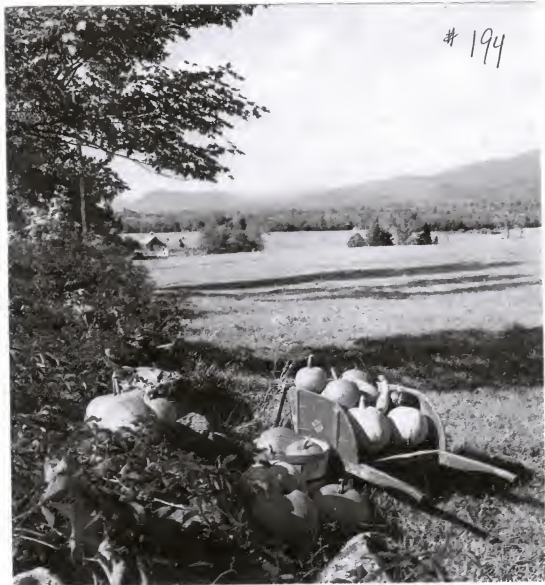
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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

X-PN4827

FROM THE

.E "Manse of the Muses"



Thou Crownest the Year with Thy Goodness

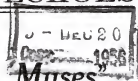


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Manse of the Muses

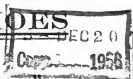




ELLISONIAN ECHOES

X-PN 4827

FROM THE



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"Manse of the Muses"

ENDS AND ODDS

A CO-OPERATIVE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

5 - FEB 24
Copy ----- 1956

Twenty-sixth Collection

February 1956

MAKE BELIEVE

CHEERFUL NOTES X-PN 4827

Three little girls on a sawhorse,
Having a wonderful ride;
One in front of the others,
Legs hanging down on each side!

The summer is over
And winter's ghost walks,
His deadly cold fingers
Touch flowers and stalks. .E

Newspapers made up the saddle,
The whip was a stick in disguise;
Make believe land of much pleasure
Where childhood's fancy is wise.

But the bulbs and the roots
Rime cannot kill,
Because warm Mother Earth
Is protecting them still.

Grownups lose much of their gladness,
Time wasted in worry and fret;
"Make Believe" land is good measure
With never an hour of regret.

Cheerful are revealed
Which overcome gloom;
Fulfillment ensues -
Rapturous life and full bloom.

Ella Bartlett Dixon

Emily May Young

* * * * *

* * *

HELP SOMEONE ON HIS WAY

TWO CINQUAINS

Every man should have a goal
He would hope to reach some day.
If he should linger
Help him on his way;
When the going is hard
To him you should say,
"Friend, I am ready
To help you on your way."
The youth may wander
And go astray,
Point to a better life
And help him on his way.
When the load is heavy,
It will always pay
To extend a hand
And help him on his way.
Glance about you
Where ever you may,
You will find some one
You can help on his way.
When the years have passed
And you are old and gray,
You helped someone on his way.
W. C. Briggs

I stood
Upon the rim
Of distant mountain top
And watched beneath the passing
tide
Of men.

* * *

What cause
Have we to think
We live because we feel
The breadth of day and scope of time
Today?

Robert H. Woodward

SUFFERING

Little ailments that I have
Just hurt me so bad--
Sometimes I wonder if I'll live
'Til a fatal illness, 'fore I'm dead.
Mary Frame
Will YOU be at the convention in New
York City next July?

#197

11-000-000-000-000-0
A UAPA PUBLICATION
Dorothy C Schrader
000-000-000-000-000-0

"Of all those arts in which wise
_excel, nature's chief master-
_piece is writing well." (John
Sheffield)

198

5 - APR 30
Copy-----1956

HELEN C. SMITH,
The
Wisconsin Press.

Not being "in the Bundle" is like being far away from home, family, and friends. Now that the income tax rush is over, I'll be with you again, to stay...

ON SPINNING WHEELS

The cherries blossom on the bough,
And waft from gauzy, waxen bloom
On vernal breath their sweet
 perfume.

[illegible]

-ooo-

At the height of the income tax rush, when even my spirits were taxed, I received a quatrain from my good friend, G. Edward Lind of Milwaukee, an

"Accolade to Helen C. Smith
OW that's our Helen of Evansville,
Who gives all amateur poets a thrill,
In "Sun Spots" she has made quite a
score
For us to shoot at forevermore."

and I was thrilled... I'd never
been written into rime before!

-000-

THIS is how I feel today...
Light enough to fly away!

SILHOUETTES

AGAINST a curtain silver-
white,
A tree is etched with impress
light,
Its naked twigs like black
thread's trace
A pattern on a cloud of lace,
A shadow caught, a captured
sigh,
Silhouette against the sky.

Graceful cuts upon the heart
Carve an image fair, in part
'Tis but a fanciful design,
The tracing of a dream's outline,
That still you see though
 eyes be blind,
Silhouette against the mind.

- o o o -

A
 tree
 to me is
 a symbol of
 life. Rooted firmly in
 earth it is not earthbound
 but reaches to heaven with
 outstretched arms, offering
 thanks to the Creator for
 being just
 a
 tree.

-o0o-

WHEN I see the diamonds
sparkle on the grasses drenched
with rain, then I know that God
is working in His gardens once
again.

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EVANSVILLE ON PARADE

5 - JUL - 2

COPY - 1956

#199

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The

Vol. II No. 1 JUNE, 1956

Wisconsin Press

Helen C. Smith

A CAPA PUBLICATION.

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-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-

A STORY IS A LIFE SITUATION..

ARTISTS paint pictures of people or scenes that tell a story, most of which is seen by the eye. A writer paints a picture of life with people in it, by words on the printed page to be seen in the thoughts or imaginations of the readers. A story is a life situation in which the created people take part.

Story characters must be living individuals. They are entirely at the mercy of the writer, yet once on the story stage they must be more than mere lifeless puppets. However, these men and women have been created to develop the situation of the story, rather than to parade themselves before the public.

The wise writer can let the readers do their part in supplying in their thoughts many of the minor details and some of the major ones for the characters in the story. Thus the characters become more acceptable to a wider variety of readers.

Modern life emphasizes brevity, so stories are kept short. Keep the stories stepping right along and pack all the complicated developments possible into it. Intensify the situation and its solution. Then let your readers help you with your men and women. The story will suggest the basic descriptive points for you to give your characters in the printed copy. Let your readers supply the details desired by them, to their own satisfaction, and yours, too.

-oOo-

(We just couldn't resist!)

Now, Smith is quite a common name,
But still it's known most well to
fame;
Old Captain John will never fade..
(Defended by the Indian maid.)

Then of course the famous Al,
To most New Yorkers thought a pal;
We'll mention too .. just for a
lark,
Those cough-drop boys..old "Trade"
and "Mark".

-oOo-

"I know a place where the sun is
like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with
snow,
And down underneath is the love-
liest nook
Where the four leaf clovers grow."
-Ella Higginson.

-oOo-

But all these "Smiths" we read
about,
Cause us to let a secret out;
We know of one named Helen C..
Whose forte is fine poetry.

Her verse is good in word and
line,
And too the meter's very fine;
Perhaps by trying as we should,
One day we'll write one tenths
as good.

--SKIPPER
Elmhurst, Ill.

-oOo-

LIND'S CORNER, by G. Edw. LindFAMOUS QUOTES WORTH REMEMBER-
ING:

"There's a whining at the thresh-
old
There's a scratching at the floor,
To work! To work! In Heaven's
name!
The wolf is at the door."
-(C P S Gilman)

MAIL CALL:

FROM ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS: Two very excellent poems by Human Wesley Colton, 3020 Garfield Drive, Rockford.

RELAX

Relax;
Some quiet day
When you are on the shelf
With all this rushing far behind
You'll find

The things
You strove so hard
To catch, with leaden feet,
Have only served to bring about
Defeat.

Then, while
You pause to view
More worthwhile things you knew
You'd missed, behold, an open
door

For you.

--LWC

FROM WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS, the home of the "Busy Beaver":

THE MARCH OF TIME

--G. Edward Lind.

W. F. Evans, 1609 S. St., NW, Washington 9, D.C. reports on
CEMETERY GHOST

CEMETERY GHOST

TWO small boys were in an old country cemetery picking wild flowers. All at once, each heard sounds of music. (The music came from a farm house just beyond the cemetery, but the boys couldn't figure it out.) They stood dazed looking at each other. The older boy, not saying a word, made a straight line for the barbed wire fence. The younger boy tossed his hat away and quickly followed. Both boys reached the fence about the same time; being a barbed wire fence, it retarded the boys' escape. They finally broke through the wire, leaving part of their shirts and trousers hanging on the fence. When out of the cemetery, they ran home in two minutes, their clothes torn to shreds but very happy for making their escape from the GHOST.

---WFE.

FROM EVANSVILLE, WISC.: Thanks to all members who remembered my birthday with a card. I was very happy to hear from Wichita, Kan., Findlay, Ohio, Ogden, Utah, Lemon Grove, Cal., Wheeling, W. Va., Janesville, Wis., Millville, N.J., Chicago, Washington DC, Holbrook, Mass., Canfield, Ohio, Woodstock, Vt., Waukegan, Ill. & Milwaukee.

EVANSVILLE ON PARADE

-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-
October, 1956.

VOL II, NO. 5

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The Wisconsin Press
Helen C. Smith

-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-
UAPA PUBLICATION
Issued Monthly.

UNITED POETS

THERE is a fine poet in Nashville, Indiana, who has mastered the art of expressing beautiful thoughts in just a few lines. The following gems were written by Loreta Inman of Nashville:

Sometimes I Wish

Sometimes I wish I was a rose,
Unfolding sheer beauty that glows
And lifting fragrance to the sky
For garden lovers passing by.

Blue Morning-glory.

Beautiful and graceful,
Entwining as it grows;
Sky blue, scattering sunshine
While morning-dew still glows.

Intangibles

A star,
A rose-petal
And a shell - infinities
For man to ponder in silence
With God.

God's Mysteries

Blue haze
In the distance
Bathes mute hills in beauty
While I ponder the deep mysteries
Of God.

--oOo--

LUAN WESLEY COLTON, of Rockford, Illinois, is a prolific writer. His poems are currently appearing in many publications. Note the excellent imagery in the following poems by Mr. Colton:

The Nursery at Night

The actors and the actresses
Have left the stage, for mattress-
es,
Air soft pink cheeks are flushed
with sleep,
The playroom lies in shadows deep,
While strewn in heaps upon the
floor
Lie all the latest spoils of war.

The mama doll lies in repose,
The panda leans across her toes,
The crayons, scattered on the
floor
Have colored twenty sheets, or
more,
While cardboard houses, dark and
grim
Still house the elves in corners
dim.

The picture books, in disarray
Depict the gleanings of the day,
While blocks and tinker-toys
galore
Complete the pattern on the floor;

Sunset Afterglow

The sun had dropped beyond our
sight,
The first faint touches of the
night
Were creeping in, but unawares
A low cloud bank, with rippled
stairs
Arched close to the horizon's
rim,
Its edging was a saffron trim
All interlaced with gold and blue
As though a thousand fairies knew
The way to gild the back-drop
light
Behind the curtains of the night.
A thousand fairies must have
danced
Before that curtain, then, en-
tranced
Flung loose their veils of pink
and gold
In streamers 'round the cloud-
bank's fold,
Tore loose their crimson sashes
wide

The Wisconsin Press
Helen C. Smith

6 - DECEMBER
COPY - 1956

#202

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UAPA PUBLICATION
Issued monthly.

YOU HAVE TO BE WILLING TO FAIL IF YOU WOULD SUCCEED IN THE END. THIS APPLIES PARTICULARLY TO SHORT STORY WRITERS.

IN WRITING a story, have you noticed that the first draft is always unsatisfactory? I have. I have heard of writers who get characters, plot, and situation so clearly planned in their minds before hand that when they sit down to write, the story pours forth in finished form. But that way is not my way.

IT IS ONLY in the quiet of the evening, when my pencil starts moving across a pad of paper that a door swings open in my mind and thoughts come, one leading to another until the first rough draft is finished. It is poor copy, of course. I used to consider rewriting a stupid waste of time. Why wasn't I smart enough to do it correctly the first time? Then, as I read my first draft, I realized that here was the frame work, the blueprint. Before, there was just a hazy idea floating about in my mind like a cloud in a summer sky. Left alone, it would have floated away into oblivion. Nailed down on paper, I could work at my typewriter, chopping off here, adding there, until the cumbersome mass of words would take on life and meaning.

I BELIEVE that everyone has to be willing to fail if they wish to succeed in the end. "Failures" are stepping stones to success.

-o0o-

NOTES ON GREEN LAKE
CONFERENCE OF THE WIS. REGIONAL WRITERS'
ASSO. HELD SEPT. 28-30, 1956. (Weather
perfect!)

Friday afternoon there were two fine things: A Round Robin Panel discussion with Betty Lee Epstein as Moderator; and, a lecture on playwrighting by Margaret Means of Manitowoc. Mrs. Means is a talented playwright. The Round Robin groups are composed of six persons each. The groups has a chairman and a monthly writing assignment sent the rounds for criticism and market suggestions. The groups provide a means of securing reader reaction before publication. Being a member of such a group is a valuable experience.

Marjorie Miley, Society Editor of the Herald-Times, Manitowoc, spoke on her work as a columnist.

Prof. Robt. E. Gard, U. of W., lectured on "Materials Near at Hand for the Creative Writer". Much useable information was gleaned from this talk, for regional articles and stories.

Saturday Al. P. Nelson gave us the fine points on getting organized for writing, and then turned us over to special conference groups for Short Stories, Novels, Poetry, Writing for Radio and TV, and Articles. The Conference groups were directed by Mrs. Lee Olsen, Prof. Gard, Mrs. Louise Leighton, Prof. Edward L. Kamarck, Al. P. Nelson, and Eva John Kuhn.

Mrs. Phebe Lookaround, Keshena, gave an interesting talk on how to write about the Indian.

Neita O. Friend, Editor of Creative Wisconsin, (a UAPA member) was unanimously elected president of the WFWA.

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December, 1956

VOL. II. NO. 7

The

Wisconsin Press

Helen C. Smith

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A UAPA PUBLICATION

Issued bi-monthly.

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CHRISTMAS IS IN THE AIR!

IT'S CURIOUS how the seasons smell. All have different, easily distinguishable scents. Spring has a soft, fresh, earthy smell sometimes spiced with the fragrance of blossoming flowers and shrubs. Summer smells are entirely different. They come from hay curing in fields, flowers and vegetables growing in gardens, the dry, powdery earth before a summer rain, and the ozone-saturated clothes drying in the sun. Fall odor are numerous, too. At that season, you can smell a rain coming hours before it actually arrives. Later, with the first sharp freeze, there is a heady odor of burning leaves, roasting chestnuts, wieners, and barbecued beef. In the crisp clear air the bird-dog smells quail or pheasant, and points.

I did not think much about the smells of Christmas until the first week of December. Perhaps other smells, such as those attendant upon Thanksgiving, interfered. But with the advent of December first, the air changed decidedly. Now the fragrance of the pine boughs holds full sway. The tart smell of cranberry strings circling the tree casts its spell upon me. There's an aura of freshly popped corn coming from that direction, also.

There are so many Christmas smells. Indescribable, delicious ones welcome you in the kitchen; and the mellow, full-blown, heavier smells hover above the stuffed and roasted holiday fowl upon the dining table. But even if we sat down to partake of plain bread and milk on Christmas Day, we would not be without the essential element of Christmas; the joy that permeates the air when once each year we celebrate the Birth of Christ.

There's no way to explain the Christmas atmosphere. You feel its approach as soon as December is born. You smell it first in the frosty air and the scent of the breathing pine. You hear it when the church bells peal and choirs render age-old carols.

Yes, take a deep breath these pre-Christmas days and enjoy the different holiday smells. They have a certain pixie quality, and tend to disappear at 12:00 midnight, December 25th, each year.

CONTRAST

- 〇〇〇 -

--Helen C. Smith

Green paper holly
And red tissue frills;
Stillness of starlight
And hush of white hills.

Gifts worth a ransom.
Dolls dressed in fur;
Warm breath of oxen,
Incense and myrrh.

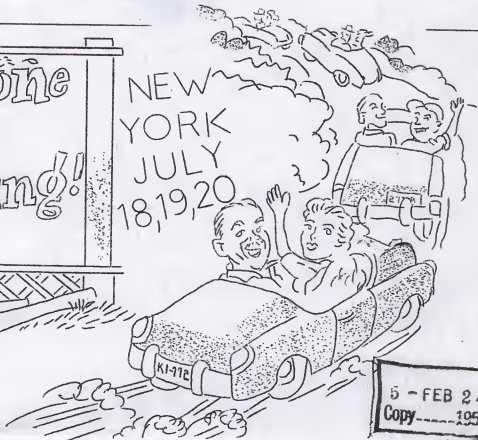
Hustle and hurry
To left and to right;
Wise men and shepherd lads
Praying all night.

Gay shoppers, thronged
streets,
What do men seek?
There's a Child watching
With tears on His cheek.

H.C.S.



NEW
YORK
JULY
18, 19, 20



? ? ? WOULD WE WISH IT ? ? ? ?

By

MARY E. DUGGAN

Saint Louis UNITED AMATEURS

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

When the evening shadows twining
with their mists o'er hill and dale;
Memoried often come repining
leaving sadness in their trail
We might think that things were other
then has been, to date, our lot;
Yet our memory prompts another
which, must needs be not forgot.

Would we wish that life be ours
never knowing care or pain;
Could we have the summer flowers
if they never saw the rain?
Would we seek life's richest blessings
never asking "why we should;
Be allotted worlds distressings
so that we might rate the good?"

Should our losses be recovered
never having felt their sting;
When misfortune o'er us hovered
did it not some warning?
Could we but recall our errors
would it save us further fear;
To invite our mental terrors
from our beings disappear?

Then we should be ever ready
through our weakness comes the strong;
As we conquer each unsteady
venturing to further wrong.
So we must restrain repining
thankful for our earthly lot;
Live each day - with hope reclining
in our hearts, with ills forgot;
Strive for higher, greater ventures
deeds of kindness, words of cheer;
Given to those whom ill adventure
holds in bondage, stress and fear.

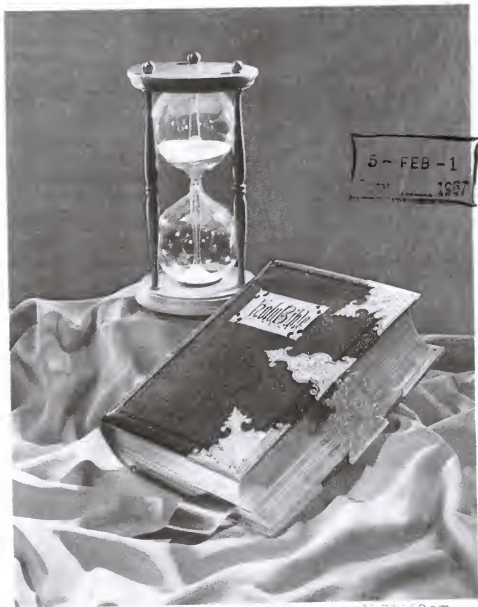
When temptation then besets us
we will know the dross from gold
Heaven is not so far above us
That we may not seek its fold!....



SAINT LOUIS
FOR 1957

SPONSORED BY EDDIE SCHAFER
IN THE INTEREST OF U.A.P.A. FEB. 1956

#205



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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

X-14827

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#206



X-FN4827

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#267



*Peace and calm
in Thee we find*
ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE
"Manse of the Muses"

#208



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"





Mother's Day 5 JUN 20 1957

ELLISONIAN ECHOES

X-FN4827

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"



ONE NATION UNDER GOD
ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses".E

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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

#213

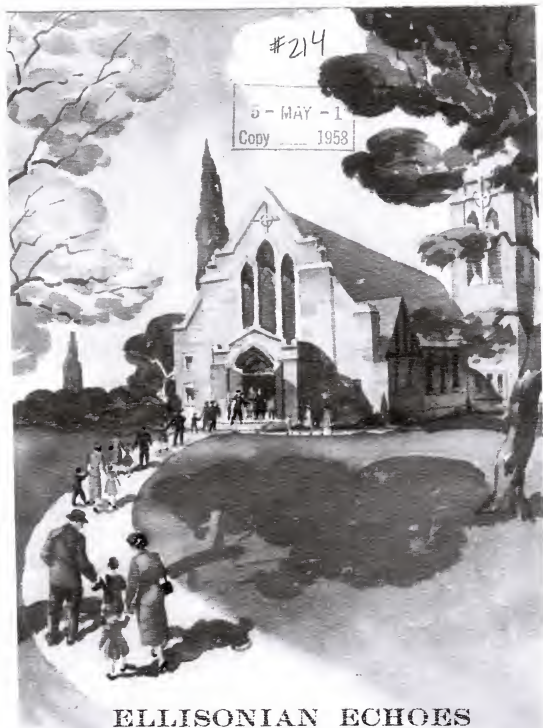
FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

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FROM THE
"Manse of the Muses"

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FROM THE
"Manse of the Muses"

#216

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ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

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Ellisonian Echoes #217

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FROM THE
Manse of the Muses

5-JAN 13
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Every Good Wish

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for own

1959

#218

Christmas and the New Year!



H. Armstrong Roberts

Ellisonian Echoes

X-PN 4827.E

#219

FROM THE

Manse of the Muses

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Ellisonian Echoes ^E#220

FROM THE

Manse of the Muses



Ellisonian Echoes #221

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FROM THE
Manse of the Muses

5-MAR 11
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Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE
Manse of the Muses



Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE
Manse of the Muses

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"Give us this day our daily bread"

Edisonian Echoes

THE MAN SAYS #

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - Ad

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

July 1961

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD - 1961-1962

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Convention: July 1962 at Birmingham, Alabama

The first delegate to arrive at the Midland Hotel in Chicago was Maud Curtis who flew in from Atlanta, Georgia. She did not want to miss a single thing. Next came a gorgeous creature named Delores Heck who, not liking planes, came by train all the way from Decatur, Georgia to give me her application for membership and attend her first UAPA Convention. I had arrived at noon in order to see Ethel Merman that afternoon in "Gypsy", but to my disappointment, the house was sold out. Same thing happened on Saturday so I hope Ethel will still be with the company when it reaches Milwaukee next season.

When I registered at the Midland Hotel and gave my name to the desk clerk, I was overheard by the manager Mrs. Fields (or was it Woods, Meadows or Groves? My memory course failed me in trying to remember her name). She came and welcomed me and said if my room was not satisfactory, she would give me another. Also assured me she would do everything to make our delegates comfortable and welcome. She introduced me to Marie Travers, one of our new members, who gave me the same assurance of co-operation. She is a charming woman whom I thought was in the early thirties, so was dumbfounded when I learned that she was the mother of nine children!

In writing nothing fails like success

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER #
#

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Volume VI July 1961 Number 7

#226

Martha Loomis Williams, Editor, West Winds Farm, Woodstock, Vermont

CHEERIO and WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

NOSTALGIA

To climb those attic stairs onwe more;
Those days when youth would explore
Family treasures, tenderly put away.
Telling secrets, when love held sway
Tied with meaningful ribbons of blue,
Letters, never meant for eyes, or you
Yet to understand their tender meaning,
But with hope and ever fondly dreaming
When the folded wedding veil and dress
Your dainty form would proudly possess.
Wooden cradle, grandpa's rocking chair,
Albums of family pictures, found there
Silently waiting their stories to tell
In the attic, that favored room dwell.

M.L.W.

If you come to Vermont, be sure to visit the recently opened Rutland Museum of the Arts, commemorating the 200th birthday of that community. Representing the creative work done by Vermonters. This exhibit is a fitting testimonial to those whose efforts 200 years ago made of the wilderness an attractive comfortable place to live. Our Pen Women are represented with realistic paintings.

Many tourists come to Woodstock while the Garden Club Tour is on. This year Old Houses of Woodstock will be the theme in observance of the bicentennial celebration this year. Tickets are being issued to visit houses dating back in the 1700 years.

DESERTED KITCHENS

The cook has left her kitchen.
In her place, cold, soul-less
Frozen to the very ribs, when
Wrapped in new fabricated dress.
Old fashioned, good cooks win a man.
Plain stolen, by a shining tin can,
No pies like mother used to make.
Hiding in deep freeze, no mistake.
Gone the chance to find a pearl,
No play shells for a little girl.
The latest is frozen oyster stew
Tinned today, all seasoned for you.
Strawberries hide in deep freeze,
Ready for January instead of July;
Cherries, raspberries will tease
Bagging winter appetites they buy. M.L.W.

PN 4827
MAR 2 11 1964 .E #227



Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE
Manse of the Muses



Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE
Manse of the Muses



Ellisonian Echoes #229

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FROM THE
Manse of the Muses

X-PN4827
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230



EDITOR'S GUEST
POET



FLORENCE E. FRY

#231



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Easter Greetings

E To See Or Not To See!

#232

By Wyllyum Hu Shookispeare.

To Whom It May Concern:

(As well as erstwhile acquaintances who are no longer concerned.) This story is a genuine eye-opener.

Inasmuch as the past past-president of the U.A.P.A., Irma Reitci, has recently belabored me for being too literally a "retired president" (while in the hospital for eye surgery); I am herewith setting forth an unofficial officious report of my escapade for the information of my solicitous friends, the encouragement of any who may need surgery, and the enjoyment of those who crave a bit of merriment.

As most of you already know, fast-developing cataracts had this year brought me to the condition wherein I was "blind in one eye and could no longer see with the other" -- a very sad state of affairs. So, on the 28th. of October (1952) I entered the St. Vincent's Hospital, in Toledo, Ohio, for surgery on the eye which was already "ripe". And, (regardless of anything I may say hereinafter) right here I wish to render due praise to that Institution for its modern facilities, its efficient staff and nurses, its cheerful atmosphere, and its excellent cooks. I had a wonderful vacation while there for two weeks. Yea, verily!

While there, I received from a well-wisher an imposing document, beribboned and gold-sealed, which conferred upon me a "Post-Operative Award" from the "Mystic Order of the Itching Stitch". This spurious parchment "certifies" that I am "duly entitled to talk about my operation to the exclusion of all aimless chatter by others which is not pertinent thereto; inasmuch as I have the physical evidence of my surgeon's handiwork in my possession for display upon occasion." Therefore, kind reader, be apprized by these presents, and give ear unto my narration.

Upon admittance to that very modern Cathedral of Surgery, a sweet young thing led my family retinue through a labyrinth of bewildering and circuitous corridors to my semi-private cubicle of retirement, where I was ordered to disrobe and get in bed. Avid to humor their slightest whim (and secretly hoping that they might treat me with like indulgence), I donned my Mandarin pajamas and settled down for an afternoon of solid